



TURTLENECKS ARE IN THIS SEASON



ZOOMER . **DEC 2015/JAN 2016**

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Nigella Lawson

Taste Sensation In her new cookbook. the Domestic Goddess celebrates the pleasures of cooking, eating and a balanced life

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Nigella Lawson, photographed in Toronto by Chris Chapman. Hair and makeup, Tricia Woolston; food and prop styling, Jenny Z. Steve Cozzolino for

Nambé triple condiment bowls (nuts), Villeroy & Boch Home Elements bowl (pomegranates), Georg Jensen Masterpiece tray (figs and grapes), Villeroy & Boch New Wave rice bowl (limes), Kilner bottle (olive oil), all Hudson's Bay. President's Choice red wine vinegar, Loblaws. Fresh produce, Metro.

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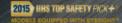
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Top Shelf

Nestled in the heart of Speyside, one of Scotland's most prolific whisky regions, is Aberlour. The legendary single malts produced here are famed for their smoothness and complexity. Spicy and powerful yet silken and sophisticated, the secret to Aberlour's whiskies lies in the cask.

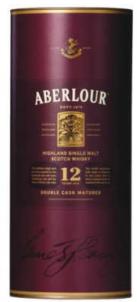
Aberlour 12 is double cask matured, resulting in a dram with remarkable personality and dimension. Traditional American oak barrels and seasoned sherry butts are selected to mellow the sharp and fruity new distillate. As the spirit interacts with these two different varieties of wood. the fine subtleties of Aberlour 12 are gently coaxed out over the course of many years, allowing flavours to mingle, develop and mature.

First fill Bourbon casks contribute a distinct creaminess along with indulgent notes of toffee

and chocolate. The Spanish sherry butts enhance the spirit's inherent fruitiness and spice, contributing to a warm, lingering finish. Double cask maturation ensures that the finished whisky is one of impeccable quality, with a captivating richness and depth. Spicy and wellrounded with a pleasant intensity, Aberlour 12 is perfect

is perfect for any occasion.





TASTING NOTES: Aberlour 12 has a fine sherried character, balanced with rich chocolate, toffee, cinnamon and ginger. The finish is warming and lingering – sweet and slightly spicy.

Cellar's Choice

"This holiday season, you can live like royalty and raise a glass of the Champagne that was created to celebrate."



Often enjoyed by Europe's kings and queens, G.H. Mumm Cordon Rouge became the benchmark for what is now one of the world's largest and most illustrious Champagne houses. The red silk ribbon of the Cordon Rouge, a banner of quality and prestige since 1876, still adorns the neck of every bottle of premium wine from Maison Mumm.

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/ SPECIAL ADVERTISING FEATURE /

From the Editor

Inspired

HIS FATHER FAMOUSLY TOOK A WALK in the snow one stormy winter night, but it was Justin Trudeau's walk on the sunny side - literally (the bright path he took through the grounds of Rideau Hall on his way to being sworn in as Canada's 23rd prime minister) and figuratively (as he philosophically invoked Laurier's sunny, sunny ways on the night he rode the red wave to a majority) - that has inspired a nation and Trudeaumania 2.0 on the world stage. Indeed, the son also rises, but his gutsy and smart performance during the campaign, combined with a charisma buzzing with connectivity and transparency - those selfies! that Google hangout! - proved he was more that just Destiny's child but the right man for the job at hand. Whether we are ready or not, we have the first gen-X prime minister for our digital age.

Despite one talking head bemoaning the fact that this generational transition would push boomers off the power grid - what with Trudeau appointing a younger cabinet as well - we know that most of you have embraced this change. But whether one voted Liberal or not, we can all bask in the feeling of regeneration that is abroad in the land. And without forgetting tragedy this year brought - who can forget the little Syrian boy whose family had hopes of refuge in Canada washed up



on a Turkish beach or the special challenges that the less fortunate older among us can face daily - we, too, were inspired by this sense of renewal and happiness. So, for this our annual Body, Mind and Spirit issue, we not only looked at ways of improving your wellness and health as we usually do but, in "Joy to Our World" (page 16), along with the election and Prime Minister Trudeau, we explore other people, cultural phenomenon and innovations that have shaped the past year and that have the power to inspire and lift our spirits.

Rising above its prosaic duties of fuel and sustenance, food is a surefire way to do just that. And never more so than at this time of year when we gather with our nearest and dearest to celebrate the year that was and the one to come. At Zoomer, we always strive to provide readers with the latest information on diet and nutrition, sifting through the myriad studies and research to find what you need to know to live your life to the fullest and the healthiest. But to that end, studies also show, to that end, a little indulgence can go along way. This is what this, our first ever food issue is about. Now is the time

to Eat. Imbibe. Enjoy. I'm sure our cover subject, the original foodie sensualist, Nigella Lawson, would approve.

Contributors



A regular contributor to Zoomer, photographer **Chris Chapman** spent this year's TIFF shooting A-listers like Eddie Redmayne

for Awardsline magazine. In this issue, he does double-duty, snapping stylish swag for "Opening Night" (pg. 26) as well as the "charming and photogenic" Nigella Lawson. Working with her was a pleasure, says Chapman. "But although we shot *Toronto Star*. In "Take Me to Church" her in a kitchen, we didn't have enough time for any real cooking lessons."



Leanne Delap has been both the fashion editor and fashion reporter for the Globe and Mail and was also editor-in-

chief of Fashion magazine. She is now a happy freelancer, covering style, design, food, travel, sex and celebrity for Canadian and international publications as well as lifestyle columns for the (pg. 66). Delap makes her own affirmation of faith and comes out as a believer.



Shinan Govani is currently decoding pop culture for the Globe and Mail, acting as a correspondent for The Daily Beast, and the

man behind the "Last Word" for Hello! Canada. While working on his second book, he was also early to the party, penning a pre-prime minister profile of Justin Trudeau for Vanity Fair this fall. For "Taste Sensation" (pg. 44), he had food, fame and a little infamy on his plate with our cover subject Nigella Lawson.

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Mail

HAPPY HASHTAGS

Must thank you for such a thoughtful editorial entitled word of the issue: hashtag ["From the Editor," November]. Full of happy surprises since the first paragraph was all about celebrities and hashtags, not my cup of tea. Then, the glorious turn into social media as a whole and feminism in particular really captured my interest.

As a founding mother of *Broadside*, a feminist magazine back in the '70s, these issues have always been close to my heart. Women today are stating loud and proud they are feminists on Facebook, for instance, with delightful groups such as "this is what a feminist looks like."

Keep up the good work despite the many obstacles. –Deena Rasky, via email

BLACK WILL BE BACK

Where is Arthur Black? I can't find him in the November issue, and he is the only reason I even open my copy of Zoomer!

-E.E. Laur, Fort Frances, Ont.

Editor's Note Arthur Black's humour will continue to appear in future issues in longer form than his previous column.

THE IRS AND YOU

Thank you for Gordon Pape's article "The IRS and You, Parts I and II" in the November issue of *Zoomer*.

Thousands of American-born Canadians have been unfairly affected by the Foreign Account Tax Compliance Act (FATCA) passed by the U.S. Congress in 2010, yet yours is the first story I've seen on the issue in the Canadian media. (I read about it in *The Economist*.)

I'm glad [Pape] managed to get a Certificate of Loss of Nationality of the United States and hope it gets the IRS off [his] back. Good luck with it. —Janet Kask, Montreal

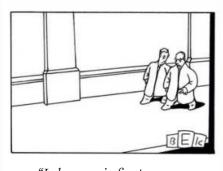
MAKE SCENTS?

I found the Zoomer Philosophy in the November issue ["Marijuana Revisited"] very thought-provoking, especially in light of the results of the recent election.

Having never tried it, I can't comment on the effectiveness of medical marijuana, though people I know who use it tell me that it helps them.

However, one thing about marijuana to which I do object is its pungent smell. So I can only hope that if the drug is legalized, as prime minister-elect Justin Trudeau has proposed, that someone develops a strain that has all the effectiveness without the odour. —Barbara-Anne Eddy, Vancouver

Zoomerang



"I always gain five to seven enemies over the holidays."

SEND COMMENTS TO: ZOOMER MAGAZINE, 30 JEFFERSON AVE., TORONTO, ONT. M6K 1Y4 OR BY EMAIL TO COMMENT@ZOOMERMAG.COM. LETTERS MAY BE EDITED FOR PUBLICATION.







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THE ZOOMER

Chapter 57

Summing Up, Taking Stock

To everything there is a season. So what's next? **Bv Moses Znaimer**

HIS PAST SEPTEM-BER a young editor at Playboy magazine walked nervously into the dining room of the Playboy

Mansion in Los Angeles and told Hugh Hefner, 89 and still editor-in-chief, that he thought the time had come for *Playboy* to stop publishing pictures of naked women. Hefner agreed, and the unthinkable happened. As of this coming March, Playboy's print edition will continue to include shots of women in "provocative poses" - but none will be completely nude.

For this chapter, No. 57, the Playboy bombshell is both appropriate and ironic. I initially modelled my Zoomer Philosophy on the monthly column Hefner himself, 36 at the time, wrote

during the early '60s. As I noted in the very first chapter of my effort, Hefner's Playboy Philosophy (which ran for only 25 issues) was often pedantic and long-winded enough to make you wonder if the guy with the satin bathrobe and pipe had any sense of humour at all. But despite its flaws, it had a revolutionary mission: to create a powerful enough Zeitgeist to break what he considered the last taboo of his day - sex.

"Half a century later," I wrote in Chapter 1, "a new philosophy is required because a new last taboo is on the horizon. The last taboo of our age, I firmly believe, is no longer sex -

but age and aging. Aging is sex for the new millennium, the topic we don't discuss openly, the thing that happens to other people behind closed doors. In deference to this last taboo, people of age have been denied their right, in the popular mindset, to sensuality, to adventure, to any unconventionality that can't be smiled at fondly by a condescending universe. Older people today aren't 'allowed' to be dangerously irreverent, relevantly wise, politically significant or, most scandalous of all, control-



"It's for the woman who has everything except a man who knows what she wants."

ling agents in our own decline and death. Like Ralph Ellison's Invisible Man, we have become an invisible demographic. And like Rodney Dangerfield's pop-eyed everyman, older people today 'don't get no respect."

So in the face of all that, I threw down my own gauntlet in the spirit of Hef's Philosophy. Ergo, it's fitting that at the same time that *Playboy* is shifting gears and entering a new phase to stay relevant, we at Zoomer magazine are planning something of the same: some redesign of the magazine in general and a "re-branding" of my space, this space, in particular.

Why now? Well, like Playboy,

Zoomer has been instrumental in winning a major battle, too. Playboy's "victory" is everywhere apparent: not only has sex in the age of the Internet become mainstream and readily available, in fact it's become rampant and more explicit than anything Playboy ever imagined. "You're now one click away from every sex act imaginable, for free," Playboy's chief executive Scott Flanders recently said. "That battle has been fought and won."

To a degree, we're in the same pos-

ition. At precisely the moment when doom and gloom about legacy media, radio and TV and, particularly, print is at its highest, we're being vindicated at every turn - readership up, ratings up and, most dramatically, real influence and respect for our demographic in society and in politics, up! I've already pointed out in a previous chapter the unprecedented attention that was paid to our aging cohorts during the recent federal election. Swayed finally by the irrefutable truth that our gang, by dint of absolute numbers and actual voting behaviour, is the most

consistent and powerful ballot-box demographic in the country, each party approached CARP, the national advocacy association that I head, with specific, substantial promises benefiting seniors. That concentrated courtship was a welcome first and more evidence that we're well into winning our battle - but only time will tell. *Playboy* and Hefner had 60 years to fight their fight and assess the impact; the Zoomer/CARP partnership is only seven years into the fight. If we pause now to take stock (and maybe a bow), it's only a temporary hiatus.

I also have another more personal

PHILOSOPHY

reason for wanting to refresh and re-charge. I'm as surprised as anyone to find myself at Chapter 57 because I originally intended to write only 10. I had the sequence all lined up, first to last chapter. I planned to open on historical attitudes to aging and end with dying with dignity, which I thought would be our most controversial topic. Chapter 9 would be about marijuana, the second most controversial.¹ But the first 10 chapters came and went, and I realized that I had more to say and

that people wanted to hear it. (Our editorial department tells me that the Zoomer Philosophy is consistently one of the bestread, most-responded-to spaces in the magazine.) Still, as we proceeded to and passed Chapters 20 and 30 and 40, it started to become harder and harder to figure out what, as we say in this business, the "Next" was. Lately, the "tyranny" of filling those two pages has begun to chafe, so I've decided to take a bit of a break. This means that when I reappear in the New Year with new opinions in hand, I'll most likely be joining the "Prophet of

Zoom" on the magazine's back page, blending philosophy with prophecy – and a good yuk now and then. But now I'll get the last word (or the first, if you happen to read magazines back to front, which more than a few people do).

The question is, what will that last or first word be? An editorial, a sermon, a cartoon? One thing it will definitely be is a challenge – for those who have promised us things in this past election. Now that the dust has

¹HOW CO-INCIDENTAL IS IT THAT ON THE HEELS OF THE SUPREME COURT DECISION PAVING THE WAY FOR ASSISTED SUICIDE, WE NOW HAVE A PRIME MINISTER WHO APPEARS TO BE IN FAVOUR OF LEGALIZING CANNABIS? settled, an important part of our mission has to be to make sure the new government delivers, i.e., that the commitments they've made find their way into legislation and action. Advocacy that holds people to account may not seem quite as sexy as overtly confronting a villain, but as the people at *Playboy* realized, full frontal nudity isn't always the best strategy. Something a bit more subtle might be called for now, in a less combative time.

Not that there's a lack of battles



to fight. On the political front, we need improvements to the CPP and a national home-care strategy among other desirables. Socially, it's a different kind of struggle. For example, while the adversaries who have traditionally dismissed us as being obsolete may be on the run, there are plenty of pundits who will tell you that our cultural touchstones, things we've grown up with and identify with, are on their way to certain obsolescence. One of these is print journalism, notably actual paper and ink magazines like the one you're reading now. As I've already noted, at Zoomer, this supposed irrelevance is decidedly not the case. All our readership metrics are rising, not falling. Why, then, is this "misconception" so important? Because there's more than one way of rendering a group of people invisible; for example, to claim – prematurely as it turns out – that the things they love are disappearing. I'm a huge fan of novel technology as anyone who has attended my ideacity conference can attest: I have lots of electronic devices, and screens are everywhere in my life. But, like a lot

of you I suspect, I still read best from a printed page and think best when I can write notes in the margins with a pen. Photographs as objects, something physical you put on a wall or in an album or in a magazine are part of our generation's collective memory. All of this, is seems to me, is worth preserving.

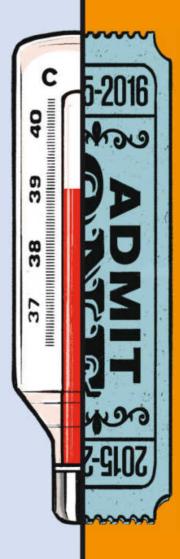
That's just one cause, a current favourite of mine. I'm sure many of you have your own. So I'm taking this opportunity to put out a call for suggestions for a new Mission Statement, challenges to our demographic that you think still need to be ad-

dressed, that might have been overlooked or obscured by the large and obvious issues that have occupied us up to now. I'm not looking so much for a last word about where we have come from but a first word on where we, as pioneers in aging, can go from here. So please, send me any ideas or activist concerns you might like to see me address in the future. Not only will you be helping me set our "Next" agenda, you'll also be a partner in creating a new kind of magazine destination altogether: a last page that is also a first page.

It might even turn out better than a centrefold. ☑

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Vaccination is the #1 way to reduce your risk of severe flu symptoms this year. Keep up with your plans this flu season.

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1 New study shows that the survival rate after heart surgery is higher among married seniors Decoding how 50 years of marriage contributes to landing you in cardiac surgery in the first place requires another study altogether.

This is either a scientific breakthrough or the plot for Robocop: The Golden Years A joint European project aims to build motorized exoskeletons for seniors to wear on their arms, legs and back to alleviate mobility issues.

- 2 Japanese and Finnish researchers are also looking to develop robot helpers to care for seniors Between the robotic exoskeleton and the robot servants, we're one evil genius away from creating a race of Robo-grannies and gramps bent on world domination.
 - 3 British scientists find a mixture of elements in champagne that could help ward off cognitive diseases like Alzheimer's Or at least that's what they told their supervisor when asked why they blew their grant money at the liquor store.

"New research shows cognitive decline could be slowed in older people who are hard of hearing if they use hearing aids" ... shouted scientists to a room full of potential test subjects.

> Meanwhile, we're one step closer to decoding the mysteries of aging California scientists glean information from aging and a cancer-related enzyme that could revolutionize management of both.

Remember telling the kids that sitting too close to the TV would ruin

their eyes? Research shows that occurrences of everything from cancer to liver disease related to excessive sitting are higher in couch potatoes over 50.

THIS WAY RECENT PEAKS

AND VALLEYS IN THE JOURNEY

By Mike Crisolago



(AND DOWN)

JOY TO OUR WORLD!

The future is bright. Here, nine trending happenings that will do your body good, elevate your mind's happiness quotient and lift your spirits

Making Medicine Better

NO ONE WILL EVER SAY: "Good news, you have a life-threatening disease!" But we're getting closer to a day when a serious diagnosis is more of an inconvenience than a death sentence.

Advances in medicine are producing sophisticated new diagnostic tools, like imaging and rapid DNA testing, with ever-more accurate and faster results. They're leading to more personalized medicine, with patients receiving a treatment that matches their version of a disease, instead of the treatment their neighbour



gets. Cancer survival rates, for example, are already increasing, thanks to earlier detection and more advanced approaches.

We're making headway in areas of medicine that were previously inaccessible, such as neuroscience. Every year, we understand more about the brain and we're using this knowledge to tackle disorders in novel ways. We now view the nervous system - and the immune system, for that matter - as an intricate network tied to the form and function of every other part of the body.

Baby boomers are entering their senior years with an expectation that these years will be vibrant. This generation of consumers expects solutions to their diminishing eyesight, or the pesky arthritis in their hands. Their demands have been driving an industry of rapid development in disabilityrelated gadgets and technology. (Where would we be without font resizing?) Advances like these are boosting our quality of life even as we develop limitations.

With the proliferation of social media platforms and online news, we're more likely to hear about medical advances that traditionally might have become buried in some science journal. What does this mean? We have a chance to get fired up about discoveries and treatments, to share the good news, and hopefully to make adjustments to our risk behaviours that will extend or even save our lives.

In the near future, scientists will unlock more mysteries in the human body. We'll see more biotechnological breakthroughs, and personalized medical treatments for a wider range of diseases. We'll see groundbreaking new methods of identifying people at risk of disease while prevention is still possible.

No, we don't expect anyone will ever be excited to learn they have cancer or cardiovascular disease or Alzheimer's. But there may soon come a time when it's a mere nuisance and nothing more. We can't wait. -Lisa Bendall

Breaking Through Barriers

IT'S A WORLD FIRST: Doctors at Toronto's Sunnybrook Health Sciences Centre have non-invasively broken the blood-brain barrier to treat a malignant brain tumour with chemotherapy. Unlike the rest of the body's blood vessels, the brain's capillaries are lined with tightly packed cells to keep out foreign agents. But by infusing microbubbles of gas into the bloodstream and using focused ultrasound to vibrate the

bubbles in the brain, doctors were able to jiggle apart these cells temporarily, and send the drug across the barrier. This breakthrough mechanism could be used for delivering medications for other brain disorders - including Alzheimer's. In fact, a mouse study suggests that breaking the blood-brain barrier actually helps the brain clear itself of Alzheimer-related plagues. -LB



Sunny Ways

ONE OF THE MOST prescient predictions ahead of the recent Canadian federal election came courtesy of The New Yorker, which suggested that the ouster of Stephen Harper would prove "enough to make Canada feel a bit more Canadian again."

That's because the Great White North had become a land of disappearing environmental principles; one that shuttered non-partisan human rights and scientific agencies; one with a flailing foreign reputation; one where the federal government shunned transparency and where the Prime Minister showed such little respect for his political rival that he referred to him condescendingly as "Justin," conjuring images of Canada's "other Justin" - Bieber - a kid who isn't ready to sit at the big boy table.

Fortunately, the majority of Canadians don't play the politics of pettiness and division. In hopes of rediscovering the Canada they once knew they opted for a familiar name - Trudeau - and a stunning election victory that echoed across the country like a national exhale.

Far from the fear-peddling politics of his predecessor, Trudeau campaigned on hope and optimism, championing diversity and human rights and "real change."

"Sunny ways, my friends. Sunny ways. This is what positive politics can do," he proclaimed after his victory, paraphrasing former prime minister Sir Wilfred Laurier.

Of course, Trudeau still has to put pledges like restoring the age of OAS eligibility to 65 and navigating the Syrian refugee crisis into effect. He also faced his first setbacks when U.S. President Obama rejected the Keystone XL pipeline on his second day in office, while receiving a bleak federal budget forecast shortly after. Still, there is a palpable feeling of optimism in Canada.

It's a hope that we can return Canada to a land of peace and tolerance. A land in which both Justins can live side by side - one the rock star politician and the other a rock star who had a monkey confiscated in Germany. At least we elected the right one prime minister. -Mike Crisolago

Hyping Type

IN 1973, decades before tech gurus coined the terms iPad and smartphone. American engineer Don Lancaster invented what you might call the missing link in the leap from typewriters to personal computers.

Lancaster's TV typewriter, a keyboard that connected to any television turning it into a computer monitor, is a forerunner to the iDevices that revolutionized 21st-century life and a thrilling example of how far and fast technology can move in a few short decades.

It also makes it a natural fit in the MZTV Museum of Television's Keyed Up. Switched On, Logged In exhibit, which



spotlights the massive breadth and potential of human ingenuity through a display of antique typewriters from the late 19th and early 20th century, set among the rare collection of televisions curated by Moses Znaimer (founder and CEO of ZoomerMedia) for decades.

The typewriters, courtesy of collector Martin Howard (antiquetypewriters.

com), include the 1889 model Odell 1 (left), which boasts an engraved Native American design on its goldpainted base. To type, users moved the handle back and forth, pushing it down over individual letters and characters to spell words. It seems archaic, vet it foreshadows one of today's most popular means of communication - two-thumbed texting.

It's a tangible tribute to how past innovations echo future revolutions. Every generation builds a bridge to the next frontier, and one thing is certain: while tomorrow's potential is limitless, tech bygones are never really bygone. -MC The exhibit runs until Dec. 23, 2015. www.mztv.com

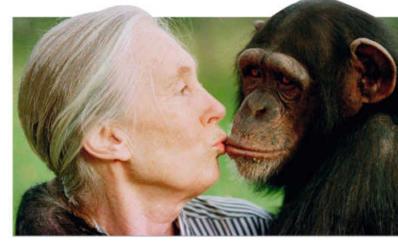
Nurturing Nature

JANE GOODALL NEEDS A CHAIR. Not to sit down but on which to stand taller, "It's not possible for me to talk to people I can't see. And it would be absolutely ridiculous for you to try and listen to people you can't see. So can you all see me?" So began a 45-minute presentation with Goodall, 81, standing on a chair, the chair perched on a stage riser at a fundraiser in Toronto. She tells the captivated crowd of a few hundred that her mother taught her not to waste opportunity; tonight is no different.

She spends 300 days a year on the road, crossing the globe to drum up support. And not just for the chimpanzees of Tanzania's Gombe National Park she made famous more than 50 years before but also for conservation and Mother Earth - a figure she seems to personify. Gentle, wise, committed and optimistic, she conveys all these in person. But it's not until we sit down together that I realize what I admire most about Goodall, Resolve.

"I went into the world at a time when women didn't," recalls Goodall about her beginnings as a primatologist. All the way from England, determination took her to Africa and despite lack of formal training - her family couldn't afford college - she fulfilled her childhood aspiration of living with and studying the animals from her beloved Tarzan books. She went into the jungle of Tanzania to do it, alone. Was she ever scared? "No. It was my dream," she answers matter-of-factly.

Goodall's visit to the Canadian branch of her Jane Goodall Institute is for a brief few days. She rhymes off



her itinerary before a two-week Christmas break back in England: America, Cuba, Chile, Columbia, Argentina and Paris for the World Climate Summit. It's tiring, she admits. So will she ever retire? "I may have to. [My] body may force me off the road," she says, adding resolutely, "But as long as my mind's working, I'll be battling."

Rallying the "troops" the previous night, she tells us "think and act local." Goodall understands well enough how overwhelming global issues can be, but deter us it shouldn't. "Every single one of us matters. Every single one of us has a role to play. Every single one of us makes a difference, every single day," she said.

I, for one, am inspired and, as Jane Goodall assures, that's a good start. janegoodall.ca -Tara Losinski



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Feeling the Force Redux

I WAS 10 when my grandparents took me to see Star Wars in 1977. It was my first non-animated movie. Almost four decades later, the same excitement, fear and joy rush over me whenever I recall that pivotal scene where Han Solo swoops down in the Millennium Falcon and blows the TIE Fighter to smithereens, enabling Luke Skywalker and his X-Wing Fighter to destroy the Death Star. On Dec. 18, the long-awaited seguel Star Wars: The Force Awakens opens. I'll be there. I'm one of the fans who bought an advance ticket - according to several online movie sites, the film has already blown away advanced ticket records in both the U.S. and the U.K.

The first three films, Star Wars, The Empire Strikes Back and Return of the Jedi, also known as episodes 4, 5 and 6, were an integral part of many a childhood (Star Wars purists pretend the three preguels don't exist). For me, they were inspirational. I was a tomboy, sure, but the universal story of good versus evil, of family and friends, love and loss don't have gender boundaries. I became a writer because of those three films. In high school, I wrote Star Wars fan fiction for my creative writing class. I went to film school and graduated with a degree in screenwriting. Today, I write novels and screenplays. While none of my work can be classified as science fiction, those story-telling principles that captivated me and millions of others became part of my creative DNA.

In 1983, U.S. President Ronald Reagan ended his speech announcing the controversial Strategic Defense Initiative - a proposed missile defence system - with the words, "The Force is with us." The media jumped onboard and nicknamed the program Star Wars. Twentyfirst-century franchises such as Twilight, The Hunger Games and Harry Potter have yet to influence the geopolitical sphere. Star Wars is more than a movie, more than the sum of its merchandise (and that's saying a lot); it's modern mythology - Shakespeare for the 20th century and beyond.

For my part, I hope *The Force Awakens* is as great as we all need it to be, and there are reasons to believe: J.J. Abrams is not only a slick director, he's a fan. And the screenwriter behind Episodes 5 and 6, Lawrence Kasdan, penned the script. Then there's the return of Han Solo, Princess Leia, Luke Skywalker and other dear friends from that galaxy far, far away. Since 1977, the original cast has endured its share of real-life struggles - Mark Hamill's car crash, Carrie Fisher's drug and alcohol abuse and Harrison Ford escaping death when his plane crashed last spring - which has made seeing them together onscreen again even more poignant. Indeed, the sight of Ford in the Millennium Falcon in the first trailer for the new film literally brought tears to my eyes. May the Force be with you. -Kim Izzo

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ZOOM IN Inspiration

She's a Woman

THE SHELF LIFE of a Hollywoodleading actress has a best before date of 30, maybe 35, but that's pushing it. After that, her roles lean in the direction of mother or hooker (though the hooker archetype ironically appears to be ageless). Much has been written lately of the film business's inability to fairly depict women onscreen (not to mention hire them off-screen, but that's another matter). The multi-talented Amy Schumer's skit "Last F**kable Day" starring Julia Louis-Dreyfuss, Tina Fey and Patricia Arguette lampooned the notion. Yet a few hopeful signs have emerged that indicate the fate of a woman's career in movies doesn't have to be Norma Desmond (who was portrayed as a washed-up star at 40). Take the latest



James Bond instalment, Spectre, which has the addition of a Bond girl who is older than Bond himself with Italian actress Monica Bellucci, 51, cast opposite Daniel Craig, 47 - though the film's other Bond girls are in their 20s. Of course, on the small screen actresses of a certain age have seen the tides shift in their direction - the Platinum Age of television, as it's been dubbed by critics, has welcomed the likes of Jessica Lange, 66, Allison Janney, 55, Francis McDormand,

58, and Viola Davis, 50, among others into leading roles that extend far beyond the wife and mother parts. But there's still a long and winding road ahead. Oscar- and Emmy-nominated actress Maggie Gyllenhaal spoke out on the subject, "I'm 37 and I was told recently I was too old to play the lover of a man who was 55. It was astonishing to me. It made me feel bad and then it made feel angry and then it made me laugh." And that's no joke. -KI

Boldly Going ...

THE ANCIENT EGYPTIANS were the first to map it in the night sky, and the Babylonians called it Nergal, after their god of war. Copernicus sorted out its planetary rotations while H.G. Wells imagined its inhabitants invading Earth. We've named a chocolate bar after it, David Bowie crooned about it, the Curiosity rover took a spin on its surface and earlier this year we stranded Matt Damon there. If one thing's certain about Mars' allure, it's that it has only grown stronger through the centuries. And in 2015, humanity's fascination with the Red Planet hit an all-time high.

Images of Mars sent back to Earth by the Curiosity rover captured our collective imagination. Eagle-eyed enthusiasts claimed they spotted a bear in one photo, a dragon in another and a lady standing on a ledge in a third - probably looking for her dragon or bear.

In September came news of definitive proof of water on Mars. October brought news that NASA is actively scouting landing sites for human missions, while the organization most recently put out the call for astronauts who could find themselves on the first manned missions. As well, entrepreneur

Elon Musk has discussed humans colonizing Mars while, in the Netherlands, the Mars One organization plans to do it a decade before NASA.

In September 1962, U.S. President John F. Kennedy declared, "If I were to say, my fellow citizens, that we shall send to the moon ... a giant rocket ... and do it first before this decade is out, then we must be bold." Amazingly, 53 years later, not only have we reached the moon, but business moguls like Richard Branson and Naveen Jain have discussed sending tourists to visit or machinery to mine it.

If the 15th century, with the likes of Columbus and Cabot, ushered in the Age of Exploration, then the 21st century is the Space Age of Exploration. At last year's ideacity conference (a ZoomerMedia property), I inter-

viewed a schoolteacher who applied for the Mars One mission. I wanted to know why was she willing to take the one-way trip. Her answer: its success would make her and her colleagues the

Christopher Columbuses of space colonization. Except, you know, they would land in the place they actually meant to find. -MC

"MERYL STREEP AT HER ABSOLUTE BEST."

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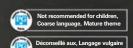








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ZOOM IN Inspiration



The Boys Are Back

IT TOOK AN ALMIGHTY home run - followed by one of the most vehement bat flips you'll ever see - and baseball was once again relevant in Canada. Jose Bautista's three-run homer and subsequent in-your-face bat toss in the bottom of the seventh inning against the Texas Rangers, which propelled the Toronto Blue Jays into the American League Championship Series, was just the tonic this franchise needed to end 23 long years of failure. It was a span punctuated by injuries, questionable signings, unlikeable stars, meaningless games and growing indifference from a dwindling fan-base whose last good memory - Joe Carter's World Series-winning smash in '93 - was fading rapidly. The deafening roar (perhaps still echoing through the Rogers Centre) that followed Bautista's jack was a mix of joy and relief, combined with a healthy serving of "up yours!" the latter emotion due to the sizable chip that Jays' fans carry on their shoulders. As backers of the only Canadian team in the majors, they're a touchy lot, quick to take umbrage at any perceived slight cast their way. In the 1992 World Series, it was the upside-down flag incident; in 1993, it

was accusations that the U.S. national media favoured American-based teams; and this year it was the commentator who claimed Toronto fans couldn't catch foul balls because they grew up playing hockey instead of baseball. However fatuous his theory (the broadcaster in question later apologized to "all of Canada"), no one could deny that fans from coast to coast, butter-fingered or not, had adopted this colourful collection of players from all over the baseball map - the U.S., Dominican Republic, Mexico, even two from native soil - as their own. A jampacked stadium, a winning team, dramatic home runs, controversial bat flips and bruised national pride - baseball is back in our sport consciousness. Fledgling fans will treasure these new memories while the old diehards will revel in the knowledge that the long wait for their beloved team to return to the post-season was well worth it. Although it didn't end according to script - the Jays eventually ran out of miracles and lost to the Kansas City Royals - next year's team will be back, eager to complete the unfinished business of making it to the World Series. Should be fun. See you in April. -Peter Muggeridge

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PHOTOGRAPHY, CHRIS CHAPMAN; SHOT ON LOCATION AT THE SONY CENTRE FOR THE PERFORMING ARTS

OPENING NIGHT

This holiday season, menswear haberdashery steps out from the wings to take centre stage with the most luxurious fabrics. Velvets, silks, brocades and cashmere are just the elegant props you need to give you leading man status at your next soiree. If clothes do make the man, as they say, then a star is born. - Derick Chetty

PERFORMANCE Prada turtleneck and trousers. **Paul Smith velvet** jacket, all Holt Renfrew. Etro scarf, Harry Rosen. Suede shoes, Banana Republic. $2\,\mathrm{GET}\,\mathrm{ME}$ **WARDROBE** Z Zegna patterned coat, navy Brunello Cucinelli coat, velvet Hugo Boss blazer, all Harry Rosen. Paul Smith **London suit, Holt** Renfrew. 3 MASTERPIECE **THEATRE** Derek Rose robe, Harry Rosen.



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Just in time for the new year, let's get resolute By Dr. Mehmet Oz

OT ALL health goals are good goals. Yep, I said it. You might be trying to lose weight, but just making the goal of "lose weight" isn't going to help you get there. Here are my foolproof tips for setting a few targets to improve your health. If you haven't made your New Year's resolutions yet or you're having trouble getting going on them, now is the time to make your goals better. Here's how. **BE REALISTIC** The easiest way to set a goal you'll give up on is to pick one you can't achieve. Choosing something that is obviously not achievable within a year will make you give up as soon as the going gets tough. When you have a goal you think is realistic, run it by someone who knows you well. If they think you're crazy, it might be good to ratchet it back a little. **BE AMBITIOUS** This may sound like a contradiction to being realistic, but the two actually go hand in hand. A goal that's too easy also isn't motivating. You have a natural instinct to rise to a challenge, so make your goal chal-

lenging. Ambitious goals force you to mobilize your resources in new ways to make the goal happen and lead to potentially life-changing results. To do this, determine what you think is possible and then go just beyond it. **GET FOCUSED** A problem a lot of people run into is that they end up with too many goals. A safe number is a total of seven, each of them in different areas of your life. Remember, a goal with subheadings isn't a goal. Saying you want to "get healthy" probably includes many other goals. Go with something more like "work out five days a week, every week." **SET A SPECIFIC TARGET** It should be obvious from reading your resolution when you will have completed it. If the resolution has no clear finish line, you'll feel overwhelmed by figuring out how to achieve it and won't know when to celebrate. If you run, that might mean aiming for a specific time in a race. If you're looking to lose weight, it might mean adding or removing specific foods to or from your diet. **REMIND YOURSELF** Keep your resolutions in the forefront of your mind. Write them down.

Doing so embeds them in your brain and commits you to your goals more so than just mentally deciding. Put them somewhere you will see them regularly. SHARE A LITTLE The key word here is a little. When you resolve to do something big this year, pick 10 of your closest friends and family to tell. Ask them to check in and to hold you accountable throughout the year. But resist the urge to post on Facebook or share on Twitter. Research has shown that when you share your commitment to a goal with a large number of people, your

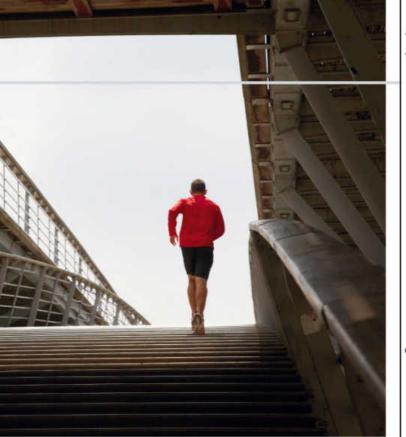
LET'S DO THIS!

AT THE AGE OF 50, Shelagh Meagher hired a Mongolian guide and a translator and fulfilled a 40-year-old desire to ride a horse across the steppes of Mongolia. Your wildest dream may not involve going on horseback, but with Gumption: The Practical Woman's Guide to Living an Adventuresome Life, Meagher shows how to define, then devise a plan to realize your goal, whether you're longing to dye your hair purple or heading for Australia on a freighter. (Although she directs the techniques at women, they're just as valid for men.) It's a confidence-building, learnable skill set you'll apply to your next quest and can share at www.practicalwomansguide.com.

Not quite ready for prime-time adventure? In The Book on Confidence: The Complete Guide to Standing Tall on the Inside, holistic nutritionist Jane Durst Pulkys offers supportive strategies, among them: creating a personal vision board of inspirational words and images; standing

T PULKYS

EUMPTION



brain responds as if you've already reached your goal. That can actually decrease your motivation. The point of sharing is accountability, not self-congratulation.



Currently in its seventh season, the three-time Daytime Emmy® Awardwinning syndicated daily series *The Dr. Oz Show*, hosted by accredited health expert, best-selling author and world-renowned cardiac surgeon **Dr. Oz**, airs weekdays at 2 p.m. ET/4 p.m. PT on CTV and CTV GO.

tall, using stances like hands on hips to foster feelings of power; writing out a positive statement 15 times a day to bolster selfbelief. Ban high-pressure

"Whether you think you can or think you can't, you're right" —Henry Ford

words like *should* and *must* and justification words like *try*, *can't* and *if*. (Use *sorry* if you've hurt someone; otherwise, it makes you feel inferior.) Self-assurance, you see, is all in your head. *www.amazon.ca* – *Jayne MacAulay*

EYE HEALTH

Blue Berry really helps my eyes

Kathy needed some help for her declining eyesight. "I am really impressed how well Blue Berry™ worked for me", she says.



y name is Kathy and I am in my 60's now. Since I was 10 years old, I have had eye problems and I always feared my eye exams. I knew the results would be worse, year after year.

I heard about Blue Berry from a friend

My best friend told me he had been taking blueberry tablets to help maintain his eyes after he was diagnosed with AMD, and that he was really satisfied with the product. So I went to my nearby pharmacy and bought a package.

It really works for me!

After a few months of taking this supplement, I really noticed a great effect and I am sure Blue Berry was a big part of that. Now I am not so concerned about the future of my eyesight, and I will surely keep taking Blue Berry as part of my daily routine."

Kathy C., New-York



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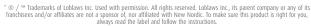












DRINK UP?

House Call By Dr. Zachary Levine

LCOHOL IS A FINE example of the adage that it's "the dose makes the poison." Many of us have heard that drinking alcohol in moderation is recommended for heart health. And, yes, for middle-aged and older adults, when consumed in moderation, it can be associated with health benefits. such as a decreased risk of cardiovascular diseases, including heart attack and stroke from blockage of a blood vessel in the brain (the most common type). And does it matter what type of alcohol? Some studies have suggested that red wine may have more cardiovascular benefits than beer or spirits, as it contains antioxidants like the polyphenol resveratrol, which are heart healthy. Other studies, however, have shown the benefit of regular moderate alcohol consumption in drinkers of beer and spirits as well.

But, at this time of year, many of us gather with friends and family, and cocktails and wine are a big part of the agenda. For healthy adults, moderate drinking means up to one drink a day for women of all ages and for men older than age 65, and up to two drinks a day for men age 65 or younger. As you know, it doesn't take much to go beyond this. While the level of intoxication varies, depending on an individual's tolerance and



A standard drink is 12 oz/35 mL of beer, 5 oz/148 mL of wine or 1.5 oz/44 mL of distilled spirits

body size/weight, according to the National Institute on Alcohol Abuse and Alcoholism in the U.S., four drinks for women and five drinks for men over the course of two hours constitutes binge drinking. Studies show that drinking three-plus drinks at a time can cause some damage, for example, to the fatty liver, but healthy people recover quickly. Drinking with food slows the rate at which the alcohol is absorbed as your body metabolizes it more slowly, which is why people may not feel intoxicated as quickly and perhaps opt for another drink. So have some seasonal cheer but do so in moderation. 2

Dr. Zachary Levine is an assistant professor in the faculty of medicine at McGill University Health Centre and medical correspondent for AM740 (a ZoomerMedia property).

GETTING TO THE MEAT OF IT

WHAT SHOULD WE MAKE of the new processed meat warnings from the International Agency for Research on Cancer? According to the World Health Organization agency, meat products like deli slices, sausages and bacon all cause cancer and have been officially classified as Group 1 carcinogens, alongside smoking and asbestos. The agency, which looked at hundreds of studies, also noted that red meats like beef and lamb "probably" cause cancer. Should meat-eaters be worried, or is this baloney? While there's been some criticism of the red meat review - several studies showed no cancer link (although charred unprocessed meat, fresh off the barbecue, for example, has been

found to be carcinogenic) - the association between processed meat and disease is well known. In the past, Harvard researchers found more heart disease and diabetes in people who eat processed meat compared to unprocessed red meat. And chemicals used to cure meat are known carcinogens. But a bit of bacon once in a while is more dangerous for the pig than it is for you. According to the WHO, you'd have to eat a hot dog, two slices of bacon or a couple of cold cuts every day to raise your relative cancer risk by 18 per cent. Significant, but it's not double or triple. Control your risk by reducing your serving sizes, avoiding grilling your meat at high temperatures and eating lots of veggies with your meal. -Lisa Bendall

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GUTS & GLORY

N THE PAST YEAR, 20 per cent of Canadians over the age of 55 declined, cancelled or rescheduled an event due to digestive health issue symptoms. Antibiotics, antacids, bacterial infections, caffeine, hormone imbalance, lack of sleep, stress and poor food choices and alcohol consumption – 'tis the season for indulging, after all – can all affect digestion. Here are some helpers for the holiday season and beyond.

PROBIOTICS These beneficial bacteria are essential for a healthy gut, doing everything from helping us extract nutrients from food to fighting disease-causing microbes. Researchers are busy isolating hundreds of species and finding therapeutic uses including, not surprisingly, for digestion.

Jamieson Vitamins put such research into its Digestive Care line, launched earlier this year. The Daily Relief supplements feature Probi Digestis, a probiotic strain the company developed to relieve gas, bloating and abdominal discomfort – symptoms common with Irritable Bowel Syndrome. And Diarrhea Relief (available in adult and kids) uses Lactobacillus rhamnosus GG, a strain shown to relieve infectious and antibiotic-induced diarrhea.

Michelle Latinsky, a registered dietitian with Jamieson, notes that most antibiotics are broadspectrum and kill off good bacteria along with the offending ones, which results in 25 per cent of people suffering diarrhea during or after antibiotic use. She rec-

ommends taking a daily probiotic throughout a prescription (taken two to three hours apart) as prevention and afterward as replenishment. And although the Digestive Care products are shelf-stable (the microbes survive to expiry), it's best to store them in the fridge.

FERMENTED FOOD Fermented foods such as sauerkraut, kimchee, pickled vegetables and fruits, tempeh (fermented soybean patty), kefir (fermented milk) and kombucha (fermented green or black tea) have been shown to contain probiotics and prebiotics - dietary fibres that feed our beneficial bacteria. "When you sit down to eat, you've got 100 trillion bacteria that are saddling up to the table with you. And they want to be fed. And in order for us to be healthy, they need to be healthy," says Tracey Beaulne, a naturopathic doctor who operates The Tummy Clinic in Toronto (thetummyclinic.com). Like us, she says our gut microbes thrive on healthy whole food. And when it comes to fermented foods.

> she recommends those found in the refrigerated section with a short expiry to guarantee the most living microbes.

The process of fermenting food can make it easier to digest as well. The process partially breaks down food, essentially 'pre-digesting' it. For this reason, Genuine Health, the makers of greens+, introduced a fermented vegan protein line in 2014. The company's product development manager, naturopath Julie Chen, explains the benefit is with antinutrients - plant compounds that interfere with digestion and absorption - like those in protein-rich legumes. "With a lot of people who want to consume vegan protein, they can't because they get so much bloating and digestive upset," she says. "And we know that fermentation is able to unlock, to breakdown some of these antinutrients."

FIBRE Canadians are eating about a third of the fibre we should each day (21 grams for women and 30 grams for men). That's a problem since it plays an important role in digestive health; soluble fibre binds to waste while insoluble fibre flushes waste out. A one-time nutritional scientist for the Canadian Armed Forces, celebrity trainer and new Metamucil spokesperson Harley Pasternak has an appreciation for fibre that started young. "The benefits were introduced to me by my mother. I think people of all ages, even young kids, once you've been constipated once, you never want that to happen again," he says.

In his new book 5 Pounds,
Pasternak includes eating fibre
five times a day as a must-do for
weight loss and maintenance. Fibre
helps you feel full so in addition
to eating sources such as vegetables, fruits, whole grains, seeds
and nuts throughout the day,
Pasternak recommends Metamucil
before meals to curb overeating.
Soluble fibre is also a prebiotic, so
it's feeding us and our bacteria,
too. Bon appétit! -Tara Losinski

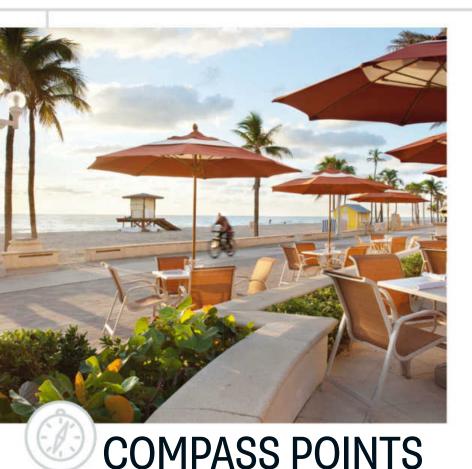




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DUE SOUTH FLORIDA SEASIDE EATS If you're familiar with the Atlantic side of South Florida, you'll know that it's not always that easy to find a beachside spot where you can do lunch or an evening cocktail and dinner right off the sand. Well, we've discovered a hidden gem: the Hollywood Beach Marriott. The property's restaurant, Latitudes, features a newly revamped roomy Broadwalk-side patio - yes, we said broadwalk, not boardwalk, as that's what the locals have coined the pedestrian avenue lining the beach. No surprise that seafood is particularly good here; the fish tacos and the salmon are guest favourites. 954-924-2202; www. latitudeshollywoodbeach.com -Vivian Vassos

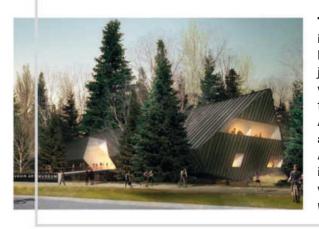
WINTER ESCAPE ROUTES

Air Canada's got the south on the radar, adding more flights and larger jets just in time for sun seekers. New routes include daily Toronto to Austin, Texas; Ottawa, once a week, to Holguin and Cayo Coco, Cuba; and Montreal to La Romana in the Dominican Republic, via the company's Air Canada Vacations. And in a book-now, fly-later move, Vancouver to Cancun starts seasonal weekly service Feb. 15, 2016. Vancouverites, if Mexico's not on your radar, Hawaii should be. The airline is increasing frequency to Honolulu for the peak season. www.aircanada.com

This month, WestJet introduces six non-stop flights that will prompt you to pack your SPF, including twice weekly service to Huatulco, Mexico, from both Calgary and Toronto; as well as from Toronto to both Sarasota and West Palm Beach, Fla. www.westjet.com

Porter Airlines has made its first foray to the sunshine state, with direct flights from Toronto to Melbourne, Fla., which is located on the Atlanticside of Central Florida and about an hour drive from Orlando and. ves. alert the grandkids, that dapper mouse, Mickey. www.flyporter.com -VV





TRUE NORTH B.C. SKI-SIDE RETREATS There wasn't much snow in Whistler last year. And nobody can say what this winter will be like. Which is why it's a good idea that the Audain Art Museum has just opened in Canada's ski capital, featuring an exhibition of work by well-known Vancouver photographer Jeff Wall. The 56,000-square foot museum was conceived by Vancouver home builder Michael Audain to house the extensive collection of B.C. art owned by Audain and his wife, Yoshiko Karasawa, including works from Emily Carr. Another space, for temporary exhibitions, will be one of the largest in Western Canada. Local officials say they hope the Audain museum will play a leadership role in Whistler becoming a cultural destination. www.audainartmuseum.com -Jim Byers

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PROMISES, PROMISES

The Liberals made a lot of them to woo older voters. But will they keep them? By Gordon Pape

F YOU VOTED LIBERAL in

the October election in hopes of a change, get ready. Those changes are coming soon, and many will have a direct impact on your wallet. Clearly, there's a lot on the Liberal agenda when it comes to your family finances. The next few years are going to be busy. Tax Reductions The cornerstone of the Liberal platform was a promise to reduce the tax rate on middle-income Canadians (those earning between \$44,700 and \$89,401) to 20.5 per cent from 22 per cent at present. To compensate, those earning over \$200,000 will be hit with a new 33 per cent federal tax bracket (the current top rate is 29 per cent). Watch for this to be a centrepiece of the first

budget. The tax cut could be worth up to \$670 per person per year. Old Age Security (OAS) In their 2012 budget, the Conservatives announced that eligibility for OAS and the Guaranteed Income Supplement would be raised from age 65 to 67, phased in over several years starting in April 2023 and fully implemented by 2029. The Liberals have promised to scrap the whole idea and restore the qualifying age to 65. **Guaranteed Income Supplement**

(GIS) Low-income people 65 and over are eligible for extra financial help from Ottawa. Depending on income, a single pensioner can receive as much as \$920 a month (the higher your income, the less you get). The Liberals say they will increase GIS payments by 10 per cent. "This will give one million of our most vulnerable seniors - who are often women - almost \$1,000 more each year," the platform says. Seniors Price Index OAS and GIS payments are indexed to

inflation, but there have been complaints that the Consumer Price Index doesn't accurately reflect the costs incurred by older people. The new Seniors Price Index will be used to ensure that OAS and GIS payments keep pace with actual cost increases.

Tax-Free Savings Accounts The Conservatives raised the contribution limit for TFSAs to \$10,000 a year in their final budget, effective in 2015. The Liberals have pledged to roll the limit back to \$5,500,

saving the government about \$1 billion over the next four years. It's not likely to happen before the next budget (likely in February or March), so you may have one more chance to contribute \$10,000 between Jan. 1, 2016 and budget day. **CPP Expansion** The Liberals have promised to work with interested parties - provinces, territories, businesses, unions, seniors' organizations, etc. - to expand the Canada Pension Plan. However, no timetable has been set and given the complexity of the issue this could take several years. **Income Splitting Family in**come splitting, which provided tax relief of up to \$2,000 a year to parents with young children, is on the way out. The \$2 billion a year cost will help pay for their very expensive Child Care Benefit

plan. However, Mr. Trudeau expressly pledged to retain pension income splitting for seniors.

Labour-Sponsored Funds Back in the 1990s, labour-sponsored venture capital funds were a hot investment commodity because of the generous tax breaks they offered. Unfortunately, most of the funds crashed and burned, leaving investors with big losses. New money dried up and Ottawa phased out the tax credit. Now the Liberals plan to reinstate it, saying the credit "will help Canadians save for their retirement." If the results are anything like the last go-round, these funds are the last place you should be putting retirement dollars.

Compassionate Care Benefit

These are employment insurance benefits paid to people who have to take a temporary leave of absence of up to six weeks from work to care for a loved one who is dying or at risk of death. The Liberals will keep the Conservatives' increase to six months but with more flexible eligibility, it will be easier to access. The requirement that the sick person be dying will be changed to include anyone who is seriously ill. Hiring Caregivers Families seeking to hire caregivers to help with loved ones with physical or mental disabilities have to pay a \$1,000 Labour Market Impact Assessment fee. The Liberals will eliminate that. **Veterans' Pensions** The Liberals say they will provide more support, including reinstating lifelong pensions as an option for injured veterans and increasing the value of the disability award. The platform promises investments of \$65 million a year to provide more help.



RETIREMENT PLANNING WITH CDIC

THE CANADA DEPOSIT INSURANCE CORPORATION (CDIC) CAN PROVIDE PEACE OF MIND AS YOU PLAN FOR YOUR RETIREMENT.

So you are spending less and less time dreaming about retirement and more and more time planning for it. It's a good place to be, but you may have some concerns over finances. Knowing if your money is safe is a good start to relieving some of that anxiety.

The Canada Deposit Insurance
Corporation (CDIC) is the federal agency
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an eligible deposit held in Canadian
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you are automatically protected for up to
\$100,000. It's true that Canadian banks
rarely fail, but they have in the past and
you may even have first-hand experience.

As people approach retirement, their risk tolerance often changes. Protecting

the money they have becomes as critical as making it grow. To be sure that your hard-earned money would be safe if your bank went bust, take a minute to review how different types of eligible deposits apply to you and your retirement plans.

To help, CDIC has developed an estimator app that calculates deposit insurance in four easy steps: Where do you bank? What type of deposit do you have? In what category? And of course, how much? The app is free and available in Apple, Android, Windows and BlackBerry stores.

The first thing you will note is that while CDIC protects deposits up to \$100,000, not all deposits are covered. →

So how is this information relevant to those considering retirement? A few things to consider...

- 1. Personal Accounts/joint
 Accounts If you are looking to
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 of \$300,000.
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- 3. Spousal RRSPS CDIC protects eligible deposits held in an RRSP separately from other eligible deposits. In the case of a spousal RRSP, the contributor and the owner are different people. Eligible contributions are added to other registered deposits in the name of the spouse or common-law partner for whom the plan is established not with deposits in the contributor's name.
- 4. Foreign currency If you are a snowbird or considering becoming one, it is important to remember that CDIC does not protect deposits held in foreign currency, including us dollar accounts.

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➤ Savings accounts and chequing accounts ➤ GICs or other term deposits with an original term to maturity of 5 years or less ➤ Money orders, certified cheques, travellers' cheques and bank drafts issued by CDIC members

It's equally as important, if not more so, to know what deposits are not covered by CDIC.

ACCOUNTS AND PRODUCTS NOT PROTECTED BY CDIC

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Each of the following categories is insured separately for up to \$100,000 for the eligible deposits they hold.

Deposits held in one name > Held jointly > Held in trust > In RRSPS
 In RRIFS > In TFSAS > Accounts that hold realty taxes on mortgaged properties.

Talk to your financial advisor or financial institution about deposit insurance, or visit cdic.ca. Take responsibility for your money and keep it safe in your retirement.

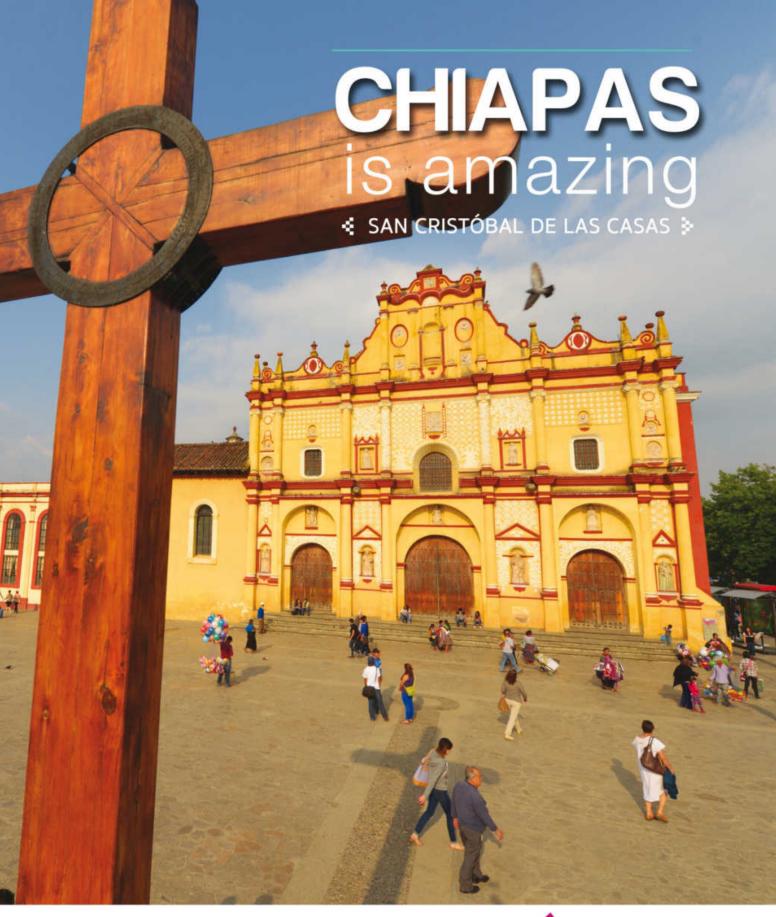
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For full details, visit cdic.ca.



















"Cooking stems from an engagement with life, which in itself combines hopefulness with playfulness"
—Nigella Lawson

Zooming



PHOTOGRAPHY, CHRIS CHAPMAN; HAIR & MAKEUP, TRICIA WOOLSTON; FOOD & PROP STYLING, JENNY Z; GEORG JENSEN SUPERNOVA STAINLESS STEEL BOWL (HUDSON'S BAY); "FEATHER GRASS" WALLPAPER (FARROW & BALL). FRESH PRODUCE, METRO.



The Domestic Goddess turns the page with a new cookbook, Simply Nigella, which celebrates the pleasures of cooking, eating and a balanced life By Shinan Govani Photography Chris Chapman

Taste Sensation



HERE IS NO PLACE for bitterness in my life except in the kitchen," Nigella Lawson was saying.

"Radicchio," she murmured, her plummy vowels at mast. "I love the bitterness. I love it raw and I love it roasted."

Coming from the leading raven beauty of British cookery - the one who is the first to tell you that the recipe is "a highly charged autobiographical form" and that "all my books have been snapshots of where I am at in my life any given time" - the metaphors arrive, as always, ready to be tossed, sauced and stewed.

Having cycled past a less-thanpleasant interlude in her life - an annus horribilis, in 2013, that bequeathed both personal travails and courtroom drama - Lawson manifested in Toronto in early November to tout her new cookbook (her 10th!), Simply Nigella: Feel Good Food. A primer in the ABCs of pleasure and a book divided into chapters like Bowlfood (the book posits itself as an antidote to the scourge of puritanism), it very well could have been titled I Will Survive. Cue the Gloria Gaynor. Whether peddling Sake-Sticky Drumsticks or Lemon Pavlova, she's back to restore and elate, all the while unfurling on us what is possibly her most me-first project to date. Minus now a husband (mogul Charles Saatchi, who notoriously enjoyed cereal more than anything else) and with children who are past the blush of mommy's care (Cosima and Bruno are 21 and 19), Simply Nigella surely marks the start of an era where the self-dubbed Domestic Goddess stands solo. One in which she is beholden to none, can eat what she wants, do as she pleases.

"I have to check if I have something in my teeth," I heard her say, not long before our sit-down, when she was ably posing for a stream of photographs for the cover shoot held in a studio in Toronto's east end. Schooled in the finer art of smoke and mirrors, one couldn't help but be struck by the almost nostalgic classicism she brings to such occasions. Like a silent movie star she held some twigs of lavender at one point - so still, so limpideyed. It reminded me - a thought I've carried since she burst onto the scene nearly two decades ago - that her charisma flows from the thing that all great stars share, in that they are not necessarily the greatest thespians or even the most perfect-looking human beings but whose geometry is just singular. It commands attention. Fairly or unfairly, the great star's off-screen personality always informed how we viewed them on screen, so that while Bette Davis nearly always played the wild spoiled girl who always got what she wanted and Katherine Hepburn was invariably the starchy smartypants with hidden depths of vulnerability, Nigella - the gourmet who also traffics in image - is ever the Oxfordeducated enchantress who could always turn heads, but also "could recite cantos from Dante's Inferno," as it's been said, while cooking you up a chicken.

So, tell me, Nigella, what say you about palate? "Is it," I got around to asking her, "like a sense of humour either you have it or you don't?"

"Some people really don't mind what they eat - at all," she starts to say. "I'm not sure if their tastebuds are blunt – or if it just doesn't interest them. But, otherwise, I think, you can be, if not taught ... at the very least, be encouraged to have confidence in your palate."

"Of course, we don't all have the same palate," she adds, mentioning the copious work that's being done in the field of neurogastronomy.

During the span of our conversation, she emphasizes and re-emphasizes the point that she's there to "demythologize food." Also, in terms of her kitchen philosophy (one, again, that can be applied to life!), she says, "You have to learn when to apply structure and learn when to let go." Mentioning the "pernicious" effect of foodie culture with its competition-style reality shows and filterready Instagram posts ("one I'm implicated in," she caveats with ample self-awareness), Lawson also frets that home chefs may be receiving



the message that the "result" trumps "process."

"I allow myself to apologize for something only once," she footnotes, when she's overcooked something or gone in the wrong direction. There's an echo in there of Julia Child, one notices. Striving for "perfection" is hardly the point, i.e., the very joy of food preparation is.

By the time she stoops on a wonderfully old-fashioned term to describe her own experience - "Cooking makes me feel glad-hearted" - I'm struck by the zippy juxtaposition: here, now, lies this alabaster-skinned bluestocking (one who was raised in posh's playground and is the daughter of the ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer in Margaret Thatcher's government) who grew into an ambassador of sorts for a kind of carpe diem, let's-not-beso-serious relatability.

How did it happen? As all Nigellaologists know, a pinch of suffering, as is the case with so many glamorous figures, rates among the factors, the rise of her fame first coinciding with the decline of her first husband, storied journalist John Diamond. Just as she was rising to the point of a national and international celebrity - with the runaway success of her book, *How to Eat* – her love was dying from cancer (this, after losing both her mother and sister to cancer). The cruellest of ironies: a lump had been discovered on Diamond's tongue. He could taste nothing, say nothing. And as she once told Vanity Fair, that's where she found her own voice: "That's how I began talking more ... because I had to talk for him."

After her husband died, Nigella, as others have noted, was not unlike another young but fanciful widow with two small ones, bearing her grief among public scrutiny: Jackie Kennedy. And by the time the powerful chi had come along - the same Onassis tropes of Svengali and top trophy wife in motion - her In her own words: try these delicious recipes from Simply Nigella

DUTCH BABY

I've only ever eaten Dutch babies in the States, where they are brought out to you at the table with great pomp: great pancakes puffed up and golden, still in the cast iron skillets they were cooked in. Obviously, I had to make my own at home. Not being a restaurant, I don't want to be juggling with heavy pans, giving each person their own, so I've made mine a giant one for sharing; this ain't no baby, that's for sure.

It's a wonderful thing to whip up when you have people for breakfast at the weekend: firstly, because it looks so magnificent and, secondly, because you don't have to stand at the stove like a short-order cook.

The "Dutch" of the title doesn't in fact refer to Holland or anything to do with that country but rather owes its name to the fact that this particular pancake comes from the German-American community known as the Pennsylvania Dutch and would originally have been served with melted butter, sugar and lemon, and indeed they often still are.

This kind of baked pancake is really a feature of much Northern European cooking:

the Swedes have their ugnspannkaka just as the British have Yorkshire Pudding. It takes an American, however, to decide to start making them for breakfast.

While you can, of course, serve this mega-pancake just sprinkled with sugar and lemon juice or, for a more diner taste, with a side order of bacon and maple syrup, I like it tumbled with berries and dusted with confectioners' sugar with a bowl of crème fraîche

within arm's reach. I confess, I also add an ooze of maple syrup as I eat. Serves 4 to 6

3 extra large eggs 1 tbsp sugar 2/3 cup whole milk 2/3 cup all-purpose flour 11/2 teaspoons vanilla extract Pinch salt Freshly grated nutmeg 2 tbsp unsalted butter

To serve

Confectioners' sugar **Berries** Crème fraîche Maple syrup

10-inch cast iron skillet or small roasting pan approx. 11- × 8- × 2-inches

- Preheat the oven to 425 F and straightaway put your pan into the oven to heat up while you prepare the batter.
- Beat the eggs with the sugar in an electric mixer until light and frothy. Whisk in the milk, flour, vanilla, salt and grated nutmeg, and beat until you have a smooth but thin batter.



- Wearing a thick oven mitt, remove the pan from the oven and put the butter carefully into the hot pan and swirl it to melt, then quickly pour in the batter and return it to the oven.
- Bake until puffed and golden brown, about 18 to 20 minutes.
- Serve dusted with confectioners' sugar and a tumble of berries, if the idea appeals; otherwise, see Intro. Make-ahead note The batter can be made the night before. Cover and refrigerate until needed. Whisk briefly before using.

SPICED CHICKEN ESCALOPES WITH WATERCRESS, FENNEL, **AND RADISH SALAD**

When it comes to chicken, I am most decidedly a thigh rather than a breast woman, so trust me when I say that I am very happily using the white meat in preference to the dark here.

The vinegary, robustly spiced marinade may take an initial leap of faith. But jump: jump now. It tangily tenderizes meat that is so often dry when cooked, and the warmth of the spicing makes this a richly filling supper, while not detracting at all from its lightness. This is why I suggest using 1 breast portion to make 2 escalopes, which makes it a thrifty choice at the same time. And it is oh-so-speedy to cook.

The salad that nestles alongside is the perfect accompaniment: the watercress and radishes peppery, the fennel fragrant. And this salad is worth bringing out on other occasions, too. Ideally, the fennel and radishes should be sliced wafer-thin with a mandoline, but I'm far too clumsy to be safe with one and, besides, this is home, not restaurant food, and all the better for it. Serves 2

1 chicken breast. preferably organic



2 tsp vegetable oil 1/2 tsp ground turmeric 1 tsp ground ginger 1/4 tsp cayenne pepper 1 small bulb fennel 4-6 radishes 2 handfuls watercress 1/2 tsp sea salt flakes 1-11/2 tbsp extra-virgin olive oil 2 tsp cold-pressed coconut oil or regular olive oil or vegetable oil 1 lime, to serve

1 tbsp rice vinegar

Line a cutting board with plastic wrap, though do not cut off the piece from the roll quite yet. On another cutting board, cut the chicken breast in half across, and put half on top of the plastic wrapped board, then cover with more of the plastic wrap and tear off from the roll. With a rolling pin, bash the chicken until it's as thin as a veal escalope. Remove, then repeat this process with the as-yet-unbashed piece of chicken breast. Put the vinegar, vegetable oil,

turmeric, ginger, and cayenne into a resealable bag, add the chicken escalopes, then seal and leave on a

plate to marinate for 10 minutes. While the chicken marinates, halve the fennel, cut out the core, and cut each half into thin slices. then slice the radishes as thin as you can without stressing or cutting yourself. Put the watercress into a large bowl with the fennel and radishes, add the salt and the extra-virgin olive oil, and toss lightly - I use my hands for this - to combine. I don't add vinegar here, but there will be lime to squeeze over if you feel the salad needs it once you're eating. Arrange the lightly dressed salad on a serving platter or divide between 2 dinner plates. Heat the 2 teaspoons of coconut

(or other) oil in a cast iron skillet or a heavy-based non-stick frying pan that will take both pieces of chicken, and when hot, add the escalopes and cook for 2 minutes on each side. You will need to cut into a thicker part to check they're cooked through before removing to the platter. Halve the lime and squeeze the juice from one half over the escalopes, then cut the remaining half into 2 wedges and put one on each person's plate.

celebrity would only rise in everaccelerating increments. But that was then. Powered by an industriousness that is palpable, her Q rating today is reflected in the near-million followers she has on Twitter and another 363,000 on Instagram (with whom she retains a warm and familial rapport), as well as the prime-time pond-cross she made not long back, appearing on three seasons of ABC's The Taste. She returned to British television in November on the BBC with Simply Nigella, inspired by the new book.

When I elbow her to play a round of epicurean word-association, she is unsurprisingly game. We start with "avocado" or, to be precise, "avocado toast," which has turned into both a kind of cause celeb of late. "Australia," is what she murmurs first, telling me that the Aussies essentially came up with the item. "There's something wonderful about the crunch of the toast and the smoothness of avocado," she adds, raving about the infinite malleability of the toast, give or take some lime and dill. Kimchee, that not so innocuous Korean staple? Since writing the book, she admits, she's gone "deeper" into the ins and outs of the cabbage slaw. "I've bought a fermenting pot," she starts to tell me. "I'm going to start making my own kimchee." Oh, and what of that drama queen of a spice, coriander? This elicits a faraway look - like Lawson is suddenly Lady Mary on Downton Abbey walking the hounds on her estate. "Coriander," Lawson punctuates. "I think it has an earthiness and a pungency that really adds a kind of depth. It's very interesting to have a herb that gives freshness and a depth at the same time."

Asked, finally, if Simply Nigella has a theme, the sensualist prefers to side on the mercurialness of it all. "The book," she says, "doesn't have a theme ... but then life doesn't have a theme."

NO-CHURN BRANDIED PUMPKIN ICE CREAM

I have made no-churn ice creams ever since How to Eat. but it's fair to say that the No-Churn Coffee Ice Cream in Nigellissima marked the beginning of my flirtation with

condensed milk as a simplifying ingredient in lazy ice-cream making. There are people too pure for this kind of dalliance but, while I respect them, I am not among them.

The genesis of this particular recipe is my Pumpkin Bundt Cake or, rather, the fact that having made it, I had a small amount of pumpkin purée left over.

I paired it with half a can of condensed milk, added cream, fresh nutmeg and a splosh or two of brandy and, eccoci, a gorgeously spiced and - strange though it sounds - warm-flavoured ice cream. Eat it with its mother cake or the Cider and 5-Spice Bundt Cake or be radical and cast it in the role of brandy butter alongside your Christmas pudding. Those who celebrate Thanksgiving should need little encouragement to bring it out alongside a warm apple or, obviously, pumpkin pie, and it is a damn fine accompaniment to pecan pie, too.

Makes approx. 1 quart

½ cup pure pumpkin purée (from a can or use the leftover purée from the Pumpkin Bundt Cake)



Half a 14-ounce can (2/3 cup) condensed milk 11/4 cups heavy cream 1 tsp freshly grated nutmeg **3 tbsp** brandy 21-pint (2 cup) empty ice cream containers or airtight containers (or a 1-quart tub or airtight container)

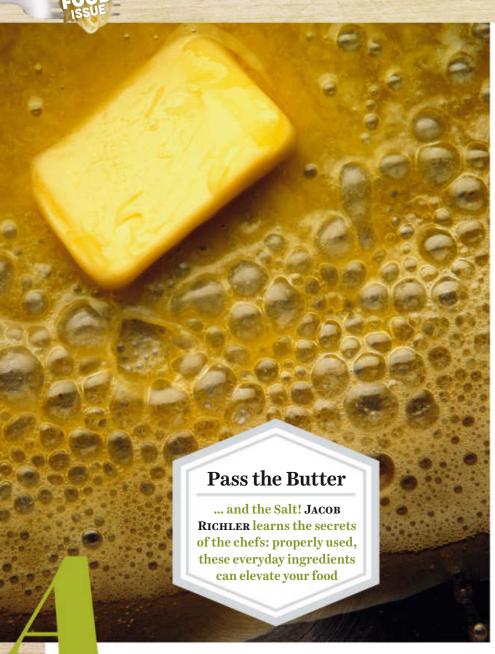
- Combine the pumpkin purée and condensed milk in a bowl and stir to mix.
- Whisk the cream in a bowl until it reaches soft peaks, then whisk in condensed milk mixture and continue whisking until thick again.
- Grate the nutmeg over the ice cream and whisk in the brandy as you pour it in a slow trickle.
- Decant into your airtight container or containers and freeze overnight. Take it out of the freezer for 10 minutes to soften before serving. Make-ahead note The ice cream can be made and frozen up to 1 week ahead.

Storeage note Leftover ice cream should be returned to freezer as quickly as possible and is best eaten within 1 month. 2

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COUPLE OF MONTHS AGO in a stylish new downtown Toronto restaurant, I enjoyed what I thought to be a highly accomplished meal of the modern French style. It had begun, convincingly, with an amuse-bouche consisting of a miniature edition of one of my favourite tricks with potato from the French culinary canon: pommes soufflées.

In case you are not familiar with them, be advised that pommes soufflées are exactly as they sound. They are potatoes bloated like aroused pufferfish, bronzed and crisp on the exterior, while inside, a foundation of lightness and hot air and potatoscented steam.

The trick of them is to slice potatoes in discs, then blanch them in oil until air pockets form inside. Then you must drain and rest and cool them and, finally, drop them in oil that is much hotter still - which causes the air pockets inside them to inflate like balloons just before it renders their exteriors crisp and set.

According to legend, the world's finest accompaniment for grilled Dover sole was invented by accident back in 1837 when a French chef preparing an elaborate meal had to back off and wait because his guests were late. When they finally showed and he returned his half-cooked potatoes to the fryer, he was shocked to see them puff up into this new state of perfection.

If only it were that easy. If you have ever tackled the side dish at home, you will know that you need a lot of skill and luck on your side. The potatoes need to be of a certain kind (waxy) and a certain age (old). You must cut them in a very particular octagonal shape and get the thickness just so. And even at that, half of them invariably turn out more like potato chips than potato pillows. Which is why I was so impressed by the rule-breaking round and miniature ones that kicked off that recent meal in Toronto.

"But that's easy," Kristian Eligh, chef at Vancouver's Hawksworth Restaurant, said over a recent nightcap there, "All you have to do is ..."

Okay, I'll tell you. There is a new and improved way going around to make pommes soufflées. Never mind the shape-cutting or even peeling the potatoes. All you have to do is slice some potato paper-thin on a mandoline, then brush it lightly with egg white, sprinkle it with corn starch and, finally, lay another sheet of potato right on top of it. Then, you put a circle cutter down on top of it - or any shaped cutter you like - and punch out your two-ply potato disc with a 100 per cent puff rate guaranteed.

If these sorts of new-and-improved cooking techniques turn your crank and change your life as they do mine, you should probably be spending more time hanging out with chefs, as I do. And if you fancy collecting tricks like how to clarify stocks into consommés with gelatin and refrigeration instead of heat and egg whites or how to best use a Silpat to speed-cool cookies, tuiles and crumbles, you will have to. Because such skills are too

esoteric for anyone to want me to focus on here.

But I will happily instead convey some of the more practical knowledge chefs and experience have taught me. To begin, let it be said that the No. 1 rule that governs the professional restaurant kitchen is exactly the same as the one that should direct your own initiatives at home: never let your reach extend beyond your grasp. When a great Michelinstarred chef is cooking a wedding banquet for 200, he doesn't do a tasting menu. And neither should you when eight people are coming for dinner. Stick to what you know, keep it simple and get it right - or better.

Now then, let's get started. Over my 20 years as a food writer, I have spent a lot of time watching chefs cook and give instruction in their restaurant kitchens coast-to-coast - and abroad. Far too many chefs and restaurants than I can enumerate here. I am indebted to many of them for obscure know-how. But when it comes to practical day-to-day approaches to cooking, I certainly gleaned the most from Mark McEwan and his excellent team of chefs at his four restaurants while I worked with them on two cookbooks - for which I home-tested and wrote some two or three hundred recipes.

There was a lot to take away from all that. But for starters, I will focus on two big reasons restaurant food tastes a lot better than yours. Two reasons it tastes brighter and more assertive and luxurious on the palate and its flavours are more enticing than your own. They are butter and salt.

I am not advocating they be used to excess, just that they be deployed correctly, to more advantageous effect. Salt first. Salt is your friend. Anyone who fears an excess of salt in their diet should just stay away from junk food and processed food of any kind, like I do. But if you're going to cook, use salt properly and often.

Start by buying the same salt you



find in every restaurant kitchen of quality I've ever walked into: kosher salt (and invariably, Diamond Crystal brand). It's cheap, mild and effective. Every protein you cook needs salt before you cook it. You want to grill a steak or hamburger and obtain that delicious caramelised crust of intense flavour you associate with the finest steakhouses? The Maillard reaction that is the root cause of those rich and addictive flavours is enhanced and accelerated by a dry surface - best achieved with salt. You'll need to apply a tiny bit of olive oil to the meat first. Not for flavour - just for the salt to adhere to. Then sprinkle - liberally - and add some more. Just don't cluster it.

Many years ago, I read a profile of the great American chef Thomas Keller that began with a description of encountering him off hours at his restaurant, standing on a ladder and sprinkling salt on some meat below. The idea being that any extra distance between your salt-distributing hand and its target will only encourage more even distribution. You may forgo the ladder, but keep the idea in mind and never get too close to what you are salting.

When you are cooking fish, do the same. Salt it generously half an hour before cooking it, then rinse it off and pat it dry. Or put it in a mild salty brine and do the same. You know those white proteins that ooze from the flanks of a fillet of salmon when you bake, pan roast or grill it? No more - not if it's salted. Salt intensi-

fies the flavour of the fish and firms up the flesh so that it holds its shape better while cooking, too. You like crispy skin on your salmon, like the stuff in those hand rolls at the sushi bar? Salt it.

You want crispy skin on your whole grilled sea bass? For that, you must do the same thing you should be doing to obtain crispy skin on your whole roast chicken. Salt it. Then leave it in the fridge overnight uncovered so that the skin dries before you cook it. If you want it crunchy-crisp, hang it at room temperature instead and point a fan on it. The Chinese have been doing it with ducks for a thousand years. Susur Lee used to do it with Cornish hens and, on the other coast, Pino Posterero does it with chickens, too. Japanese restaurants do it with fish.

Salt should also be deployed for the opposite effect: preventing browning. Say, you're sweating some onions in the first stage of building a risotto. If those onions get brown, your risotto is rubbish. So while you sweat those onions, add a little salt. It draws the moisture out, keeps the onion pieces damp – and that prevents them from browning. And all that aside, you need salt for seasoning, too.

Try thinking of butter as a seasoning, too. Just before serving a bowl of pasta, right when it's all combined in the pot, add a tablespoon of butter to the pot and stir it in off heat. Your pasta glistens, the flavours meld and sing. Do the same with a reduction or jus or sauce. Whisk in one tablespoon of butter, and your sauce is in a different class.

If all this scares you, at least try this: next time you make a tomato salad and are including basil leaves in the mix, lay them first in the palm of your hand and clap your hands together to smack the leaf hard. Now smell that leaf side by side with another untouched. Note the difference. Now, perhaps you'll believe me about all the rest.



A Moveable Feast

Live to eat or eat to live? JACOB RICHLER takes a culinary trek with an insatiable bon vivant

F DR. JOSH JOSEPHSON was contemplating the food heaped in front of him with something more than his customary combination of intense focus, rapacious curiosity and barely repressed anticipation, this had everything to do with circumstance.

It was just after 11 a.m. and, with little more than a fruit smoothie under his belt, Josephson was sizing up a butcher paper-lined plastic cafeteria tray loaded with a pound or so of thick sliced slow-smoked turkey breast, an entire rack of pork spareribs, a pair of smoked beef sausage links and three pounds of beef brisket - two fat, one lean.

"Gentlemen," Josephson said, his voice surprisingly steady. "Shall we begin?"

The gentlemen in question were three distinguished members of Josephson's travelling barbecue connoisseurs club: Anson Group Canada hedge fund manager Moez Kassam, a.k.a. Munchin Moez; Nota Bene restaurant chef-patron David Lee; and me. The venue was Franklin Barbecue in Austin, Texas, which, in 2013, the barbecue experts at Texas Monthly magazine anointed best in state. And the question was purely rhetorical.

We tucked in. The slow-cooked turkey was both supple and surprisingly succulent. The rib meat had nearly ideal texture and a textbook smoke ring but was a little too eager to surrender its bone. The sausage was packed with beef of a pleasingly coarse grind, and each bite unleashed rivulets of smoky rendered fat over the tongue. And the brisket? The brisket was heavenly, its smokiness subtle but pervasive, the mouth feel an ideal balance of textured and yielding, with each and every morsel packing a sublime and addictive lacing of fat.

"The ribs are a touch over - but just a touch," Josephson proclaimed. "The brisket I give 9, 9, 9 for the fat, and 9,9,8 for the lean. That's using the Kansas City Barbecue Society scoring system, of course."

Josephson picked that system up last year while being trained as a guest judge for the annual Jack Daniel's World Championship Invitational in Lynchburg, Tenn. So, on the off chance that you are not up to speed, be advised that KCBS competition scorecards rate appearance, taste and texture from 2 (inedible) to 9 (excellent) - because 1 means disqualification and a perfect 10 is unthinkable. So Franklin was looking pretty good. But then, competition was tight. Our barbecue odyssey had already covered Pecan Lodge in Dallas. And still to come in Austin was John Mueller Meat Co. and Terry Black's Barbecue; Smitty's Market, Kreuz Market and Black's Barbecue in Lockhart; and Snow's BBQ in Lexington.

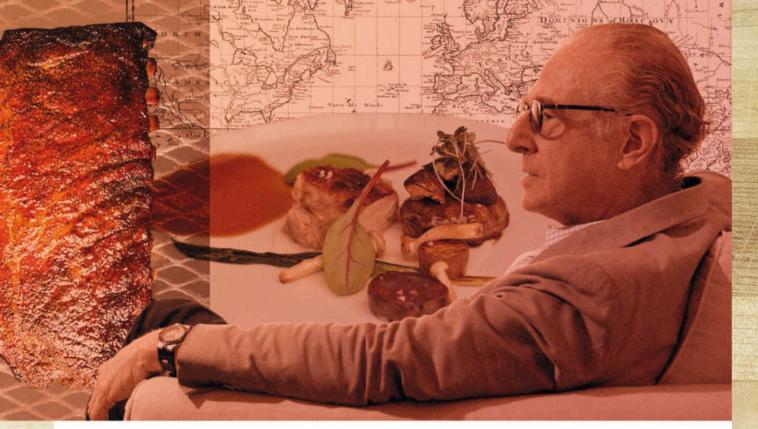
Josephson undertakes such trips and culinary pilgrimages with enviable frequency. Some are ostensibly for business – for as president and owner of Toronto's Josephson Opticians chain and an internationally renowned specialist in the contact lens field, he has been known over the last four decades to travel as much as five months of the year, attending conferences and giving speeches in all cities where fine restaurants could be found.

Nowadays, though, travel is more likely to be entirely of a culinary nature. For example, just a couple of months before the Texas barbecue tour, he enjoyed a nice jaunt to France. The ostensible draw was a quinquennial gathering of his friends in Beaune of the international chapters of la Confrérie des Chevaliers du Tastevins, a 12,000-member organisation of wine enthusiasts united by a love of Burgundy and the privilege of owning cellars much better than mine or yours.

"Of course, I wasn't going to go all that way over there to do just one thing," Josephson explained, unnecessarily. So, first he spent a few days in Paris, checking up on some new restaurants in the news like Neige d'été in the 15e arrondissement ("the best dining experience I've had in a long time"). And after Beaune, Josephson and some old friends from the Toronto chapter of the Tastevin nipped over to Bordeaux for a quick pilgrimage to the incomparable Château d'Yquem. From there, it was off to Landes and Les Prés d'Eugénie, the venerable Michelin three-star by Michel Guérard, legendary creator of la cuisine minceur ("Minceur? Let me tell you - it was nothing but cream and butter!"). And from there - why not? - to neighbouring San Sebastián in Spain for a few days of *pintxos* and tapas and more Michelin stars. They stopped in on the three-starred Martín Berasategui ("better than the first time!") and Mugaritz (two stars - "disappointing - compared to the first time") and Asador Etxebarri.

"That was even better than last time. It was incredible, really remarkable. We grazed on the whole menu - it all sounded so good."

An old friend of Josephson's told me once that this legendarily insatiable appetite of his - and his propensity for ordering and consuming every item on a good menu - dates all the way back to childhood. And, specifically, one particular seminal incident therein that sat with young Josephson particularly poorly. Confronted with this evidence, he concurred and elaborated.



"It was back in the '50s. My mother took my brother and me to the Town Tavern - which at the time was the best place in the city for lobster," Josephson recalled. "I was going to have that and I wanted to start with the shrimp cocktail, and my mother said, 'No, you have to have one or the other.' She just didn't like spoiling me. But I was so upset about it and I never forgot it. From that point on, when I wanted something and I could afford it, I got it."

Fortunately that quest for gratification came packaged with curiosity about what was the best and how to tell it from the rest. And in that, he dates his start to his first dining trip to Europe with a school friend in 1970.

"We went for a few weeks. We planned it all out months in advance. We went to Michelin three stars and two stars and occasionally one stars. It was great."

But the trip also brought on the first serious setback of the gourmand life: 16 new pounds. "And I wasn't too thin at the time to begin with," he allows. This unpleasant truth revealed itself to him at the office (he worked as an optician then)

shortly after his return. "I wore suits to work then. And I bent over to get something ... and I split my pants."

He tried dieting - but the sacrifices proved unavailing at the waistline. So in desperation he turned to exercise. Specifically jogging. And for the next 30 years that worked. At least, it kept the weight off. Now 71, he still works out for an hour and a half each day. Then last year came setback No. 2: a medical test that showed abnormally high atheriosclerotic plaque.

"The doctor suggested I go on the Esselstyn diet," Josephson had told me at the time, speaking of a diet named for its chief proponent, the American surgeon and one-time Olympic rowing champion Caldwell Esselstyn. "Plant-based, no dairy, no fat. Nothing with a mother or a face."

He had sounded distraught when he called me with the news. But whether he was really worried for his health and future or just devastated that he was going to miss our annual steak purveyors tasting dinner scheduled for Nota Bene the following week, I could not be sure.

In the end, Josephson showed up for that anyway - and while the rest of the gang feasted on 20 different cuts of steak, he ate a vegetarian tasting menu. A few months later, he was growing worrisomely gaunt. Then something intolerable happened: in the run-up to a friend's keenly anticipated wine dinner, he phoned ahead to insist upon a vegetarian dinner and was promptly disinvited.

This time, "no" set him instead firmly back on a logical path: the quest for a second and more reasonable medical opinion. Promptly, a new doctor told him what he needed to hear. "Just be moderate, Josh," he said. "Don't have five main courses and three desserts anymore. Be a good boy most of the time. Live and enjoy – and what happens happens."

So perhaps in that context what happened in Texas should have stayed in Texas. But then, Josephson himself put it up on his blog on the website for the Cookbook Store, which he founded and owned for decades before shutting it down last year for want of a new lease. Look there, and you'll see the facts: eight barbecue joints in three days. At least, we only ate brisket at lunch (dinner was just fine dining and tasting menus). 2



HEN JOLANTA Petrycha remembers her childhood Christmases in Poland, she recalls the scent of a freshly cut tree set up and decorated on Dec. 24, an extra place setting at the table in case an unexpected friend or stranger showed up and a large carp swimming in the bathtub. The latter, she explains, would

eventually find its way onto the table as part of Wigilia, the Polish Christmas Eve feast, but to ensure freshness, the fish had to be kept alive as long as possible. "My parents, grandmother, brother and I all lived in an apartment, so there was no other place to put it," laughs the 58-year-old Torontonian who, along with her husband and children, immigrated to Canada in 1983.

Like most Canadians, Petrycha's present-day celebrations include a blend of old and new traditions with strict adherence to some rules, the bending or obliteration of others. She's maintained the custom of serving 12 meatless dishes - one for each Apostle - and while her husband's homemade uszka, dumplings, are a must, she sometimes cheats and includes bread as a serving. Regrettably, the Polish tradition of serving dinner only after someone spots the first star in the evening sky was lost, but, on the upside, says Petrycha, so too was the carp.

Dawn Johnston, a professor at University of Calgary who teaches a food culture course, says that our desire to follow family traditions stems from the need to connect with our pasts. Smell and taste are powerful memory senses, and so food is a sort of gateway drug. "Through food, we evoke our youth and recapture happy times."

But what about folks whose holidays weren't always ideal?

"Food satisfies a longing for the things we had ... or wish we had," she says. "We can't change our families or our history but making traditional dishes gives us a sense of control over the holidays, the feeling that this time we can get it right."

Interestingly, breaking tradition can be a no-no as Filipino-Canadian, Patricia Candido, 68, of Kingston, Ont., found out. "I've lived in Canada for almost 45 years, and my children were born and raised here. One year, I decided to replace what has become our customary turkey with the Filipino tradition of lechon, a whole, stuffed and roasted pig. The kids were upset - they said it didn't 'taste like Christmas."

Thankfully, Candido has always prepared several of her homeland's favourites to go along with the bird. Lumpia Shanghai, deep-fried spring rolls; quezo de bola, an Edamlike cheese; and leche flan, a dessert similar to crème brûlée, take her back to Christmas Eves past when, after midnight mass, she and about 55 members of her extended family would sit down to a massive Noche Buena meal.

In Ethiopia, perhaps because presents are not part of the holiday tradition, the Christmas Day feast plays an enormous role. Woinshet Bayssie Mekuria, 43, of Enderby, B.C., remembers lying awake the night before Christmas, - which, in accordance with the Ethiopian Orthodox Church, Christmas is celebrated on Jan. 7 with visions of kitfo, raw ground beef marinated in spices; tibbs, cubes of seared beef with butter, onion, garlic and ginger; and doro wat, chicken stew, dancing in her head.

"We fasted for 40 days leading up to Christmas with no meat or dairy so everyone woke up greatly anticipating the meal. My father, around midmorning, would slaughter a goat, and I was the one to go help him butcher and clean it. As a reward, he'd give me a kidney which I would eat raw and share with my sisters." In the 10 vears since she has been in Canada. Mekuria has combined her husband's turkey tradition with Ethiopian sides.

Although culinary customs vary greatly around the world, in his travels, the one thing celeb chef Michael Smith has noted all cultures have in common is the willingness to put time and effort into their holiday any holiday - fare. In Smith's P.E.I. household, holiday baking is the big thing. "Every weekend, starting at the beginning of December, the whole family bakes, creating baskets of goodies to give to family and friends." It's his way, he says, of trying to instill in his children that the holidays are about giving and not just getting.

"Food is not just about eating. It's about the journey, not just the destination," the Food Network star says. His mother, he points out, spends six months making their traditional plum pudding. "Even I'm not allowed to make it. Yet."

Although it may be not be a good idea to change up your own holiday menu on the big day, the entertaining season presents the perfect opportunity to host a tasting party celebrating different cultures' holiday fare. The idea here is to create a communal feast, cocktail-party style, so to add to the table as well as the conversation, ask guests to bring along a hot or cold dish that symbolizes what the holidays taste like to them. Don't be surprised that those of Italian descent show up with a dish from their feast of seven fishes tradition, that the French bring seafood - or Quebecois, tourtière – mainstays of réveillon, a lavish Christmas Eve affair; and Latin Americans share their take on tamales, *pasteles* and rice and peas.

On your end, go with your own customary dishes or expand your culinary repertoire to include the following authentic recipes: Polish Uszka; Filipino Lumpia Shanghai; and Ethiopian *Tibbs*. The first two can be assembled (and even frozen) ahead of time. And yes, you're allowed to cheat and tap into the ethnic resources in your communities to have a dish or two prepared.

Booze-wise, have international wines and beers on hand. To kick off the feast, invite everyone to raise a glass to what truly makes the holidays in Canada merry - the mouthwatering diversity of our collective cuisine.

USZKA (PRONOUNCED OOSH-KAH)

Contributed by home chef Pavel Petrychi

Stuffing

	•
100 g	dried boletus mush-
	rooms (available at
	Polish delicatessens
	and gourmet grocery
	stores but you can
	substitute any aro-
	matic mushroom)
3	small onions, chopped
2 tsp	butter
1	egg
	Salt and freshly ground
	pepper
2 tsp	breadcrumbs

Dough

2 cups wheat flour, sifted 3 drops sunflower oil Warm water. previously boiled

Stuffing Rinse mushrooms with cold water. In a pot in warm water, cover mushrooms a centimetre or so of water. Let soak for 15 minutes, then bring

What You'll Need 2 platters for the uszka and the lumpia plus one earthenware bowl for the tibbs small bowls for plum sauce and guests' sauces one basket of different types of bread

Set-Up and Ambience Set place cards next to dish with name of dish and country listed; have extra place cards for guests to use to describe their contributions. Don't worry about full-blown holiday decor; a few strings of white lights are nice with non-scented candles on the feast table. Create a playlist of songs from around the world, carols and otherwise ... Gather guests around feast table; start conversation with stories behind traditions of dishes you've prepared then, while everyone digs in, invite guests to talk about their own memories/traditions their dish evokes.



ing the other half covered. Place on lightly floured board and roll to 1 to 2 mm thickness. Cut into 4by 4-cm squares. Put about a teaspoon of stuffing on each square (not so much that "gluing" dough is impossible and not so stingily that you can't taste filling). Fold each square in half to make a triangle. Join together with your fingers, closing the filling inside. Now wrap two opposite corners together join together with fingers forming some-

thing like an envelope. Add to boiling salted water, throwing each uszka into pot, one after the other. Once each uszka floats to the surface, let boil another minute or two, remove and drain thoroughly. Serve with melted butter and/or fried onions.

Makes about 35

to simmer. Cook until soft. Drain thoroughly. Taste one to see if gritty; if so, rinse again. In the meantime, in skillet, caramelize onions gently in butter. Add onions to mushrooms and grind them finely. Add egg and mix. Mix in salt, pepper and breadcrumbs. (Stuffing should be thick so draining mushrooms is important.)

Dough Build flour into a heap on pastry board. Add sunflower oil. Pour ½ cup of the warm water onto flour mixture. Mix with hands to form dough. Add additional warm water tablespoon by tablespoon until dough is elastic and kneadable but not too soft. Knead until all pellets are crumbled and colour is uniform. Put dough in a bowl and cover with a clean cloth for 20 minutes. Take half the dough out of the bowl, leav-

LUMPIA SHANGHAI

Contributed by home chef Patricia Candido

Lumpia (spring roll) wrappers (medium) Cooking oil for deep frying Plum sauce

chopped green onion

Filling

1/4 cup

1 lb ground pork 1/2 lb minced raw shrimp ⅓ cup roughly chopped water chestnuts small carrot, grated 2 drops sesame oil 1 tbsp cornstarch 1 tsp salt Pinch ground pepper

Filling Mix pork, shrimp, egg, onion, water chestnuts, carrot, oil, cornstarch, salt and pepper thoroughly.

Lay wrapper on flat surface. Place about 11/2 tsp of filling on wrapper, shaped in a log. Roll up into a "stick." Deep fry in cooking oil until golden brown. When lumpia float, they are done. Drain on paper towels. Cut each in half and serve with plum sauce.

Makes about 15

2 tsp

YE TIBBS WOTT

By chef Maritu Asnakaw, East Africa Restaurant, Montreal

onion, chopped clove garlic, minced 1 tsp ginger, chopped berbere (African spice 2 tbsp mix available in international section of some grocery stores and specialty food boutiques) 1/4 tsp cumin 1/4 tsp salt 1 lb sirloin beef, cut in

½-inch cubes

In sauté pan, heat oil. Sauté onion, garlic, ginger, berbere, cumin and salt until onions are soft, about 5 minutes. Add beef, cover and cook on medium heat for about 30 minutes or until beef is cooked through. Ethiopians eat with their right hands using injera (bread) to scoop up food. If you can't find injera, use another mildtasting bread as a substitute.

Makes 6 to 8 appetizers 2



even those who race with wild abandon couldn't help but settle here.

More than four hundred years ago, ships ran aground along our coast. And while much was lost, some of the treasures were able to swim ashore. Long-ago descendents of Spanish mustangs, these Banker ponies are free to roam wherever they please. But like so many others who visit our beaches ~ they remain. Captivated by the unforgettable sunsets, breathtaking breezes and swaying sea oats.



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THE SCENT OF CHANGE

Harnessing the power of Hollywood and fragrance for the good of Haiti By Kim Izzo

IT WAS 2008, and filmmaker Paul Haggis had read about a Roman Catholic priest in Haiti named Father Rick Frechette and was so impressed with his work he flew out to the island country in search of him. Haggis, a Canadian, is perhaps best known for his Oscar-nominated screenplay for Million Dollar Baby and his three-time Oscarwinning film Crash, which netted him gold statuettes for best original screenplay and best picture. Father Rick is an American doctor and priest who has been working in the slums of Port-au-Prince for more than two decades. He and his Haitian team run the St. Luke Foundation and have built orphanages, medical clinics, a network of more than 30 primary schools and a pediatric hospital that is the only free high-level pediatric hospital serving the children of one of the largest slums in the Western Hemisphere. And he desperately needed support.

"I brought him to Los Angeles to meet some of my Hollywood friends, and the man has been in Haiti for 25 years, so he doesn't watch television, doesn't watch movies. So he said to me at one point, 'The very beautiful blond woman across the table - is it Charlize Theron?' I said, 'Yes.' 'What does she do?' 'Oh, she's an actress,'" Haggis laughs. "And so, he went all the way around the table - he didn't recognize anybody except for Barbra Streisand."

During his first trip to Haiti, Haggis also met David Belle, an American documentary filmmaker whose work earned him a Pulitzer Prize for broadcast journalism. In 2004, Belle co-founded Haiti's International Film Festival in the coastal town of Jacmel as a way of supporting the country's creative and tourism industries. He then founded Haiti's national film school, Ciné Institute, to educate young local filmmakers. "David quickly became my second hero down there because he'd been working there for so long and had been so effective as well in a totally different area," Haggis explains. "Between these two men, I figured I couldn't turn away. I was just so inspired about what both of them were doing, and they both needed a tremendous amount of help. And so, we started Artists for Peace and Justice (APJ)." Haggis adds jokingly that he "conned" Belle into being APJ's full-time chairman and CEO.

Haggis knew he needed help to raise awareness, and he brought in Natasha Koifman, president of NKPR, a Toronto-based communications agency with offices in New York, whom he met at the Toronto International

Film Festival (TIFF) in 2008 and who would become chair in Canada for APJ. Given their contacts, they decided to raise money with a high-profile celebrity gala at TIFF in 2009. At this first event, Koifman was struck by how little people knew about Haiti. "People on the red carpet didn't know where the country was. Some even asked if it was in Africa," she says. "Then six months later, the earthquake hit, and everybody knew where Haiti was."

On Jan. 12, 2010, when a 7.0 magnitude earthquake struck near Port-au-Prince, the result was catastrophic. More than 200,000 people died, 300,000-plus were injured and the devastation to the country's infrastructure was beyond imaginable. (Natural disasters are not new to Haiti. Major earthquakes destroyed early colonial settlements in Port-au-Prince in 1751 and 1770.) Then in October 2010, a cholera outbreak took nearly 8,000 lives and infected more than 735,000. To call the country beleaguered is a gross understatement.

Those familiar with Haiti know that the country has a history of European colonialism, slavery and political instability. A slave rebellion in 1791 led by Toussaint-Louverture and backed by a Vodou priest resulted in the French government granting the slaves freedom. But it wasn't until 1804 that Haiti became an independent republic - making it the oldest black republic in the West - enduring more than a hundred years of turmoil before coming under American occupation in 1915. Once the United States pulled out in 1934, the country was led by a series of ruthless dictators including François (Papa Doc) Duvalier and his son, Jean-Claude (Baby Doc) Duvalier, the latter eventually going into exile in 1986. Then came Jean-Bertrand Aristide who led the country on three separate occasions between military rule only to lose to René Préval who was president before and after the 2004 coup d'état. In 2011, Michel Martelly was elected president, but in an election held this past October, no candidate received the majority of the vote. A runoff presidential election will be held Dec. 27, 2015.

All of this political strife has made any truly unified and cohesive humanitarian efforts nearly impossible. But when the earthquake hit in 2010, Father Rick told Haggis that what was needed most was relief money. Haggis arrived at the L.A. airport with \$50,000 in a duffle bag. He got as far as Miami. No flights were going into Port-au-





Prince. But Sean Penn picked him up in his private plane, and Haggis got the money to Father Rick within 48 hours.

The photographs and videos that were splashed across the various news outlets made it clear: Haiti was a land in crisis. But once the immediate needs of earthquake relief were met, the board of APJ had decisions to make. "I learned that if you were a child of the slums, you could go to Grade 6, and that was it. You were on the streets," Haggis explains. "There were high schools, but they were high schools with children of the middle class and the rich. We thought that a crime."

"It was education that made sense because how do you effect change?" adds Koifman. "You want to empower Haitians to help Haitians. And it is a challenged government. So we worked with Father Rick. Bought the land. Built the school. We had 400 students the very first year."

The school - the Academy for Peace and Justice - is the first secondary school for the very poor in Port-au-Prince and has 2,800 students this year and is now at full capacity. APJ also helps fund the Artists Institute in Jacmel and St. Luke's Hospital. With all this in place, the goal for APJ is longevity. "We have to make sure these are sustainable and that they are there a long time," explains Haggis. "The problem with Haiti is the same problem with aid everywhere. If there's a disaster, the people running it, they help for a while and they're very sincere, but it soon becomes unsexy, and they move on to the next thing. We decided from the beginning we're there for the long term to build long-term institutions that would serve the people and actually make a real difference, not just patched up."

This kind of commitment requires dedication and money. Fundraising can be a tricky business, especially in these trying times with so many worthy causes vying for our attention and dollars. The main annual event for APJ Canada is its star-studded gala at TIFF. This past September, Helen Mirren presented founding APJ board member Susan Sarandon with the inaugural Artist for Peace and Justice Award. Other board members in attendance included Jane Fonda and George Stroumboulopoulos.

APJ has raised more than \$20 million since its first effort in 2009. But as a fundraiser, Koifman has to get creative so, launched in time for the holiday season is the limited edition fragrance Twentysix, benefiting APJ. The idea came to Koifman one morning at home. "I was spraying myself with five different perfumes [her daily routine to get the perfect scent] and I thought, why not do a fragrance? And I learned about Aromachology," she explains. "And I thought they're cool. They're Canadian. And we did it."

Ashlee Firsten is co-founder of Aromachology, whose concept of customized scents and perfume bars have made it a hit with women in North America. Both Koifman and Firsten felt it was imperative that one of the ingredients for Twentysix come from Haiti, and the obvious choice was vetiver, a root and grass used in several perfumes on the market. But choosing the ingredients tells only one part of the journey. "I said to Natasha, 'When you talk about Haiti, you talk about chaos. So the story of Twenysix is a story of chaos and how beauty can come out of it. And there still is opportunity. And something can grow from it."

To that end, the base notes are heavy with Australian sandalwood, patchouli and Haitian vetiver. Then, as Firsten explains, the goal was to rise up from this heavy base to lighter notes of tea rose and jasmine. "A little bit more feminine," she says. A hint of grapefruit and bergamot top notes help to reveal those lighter florals and, as Firsten says, "I want

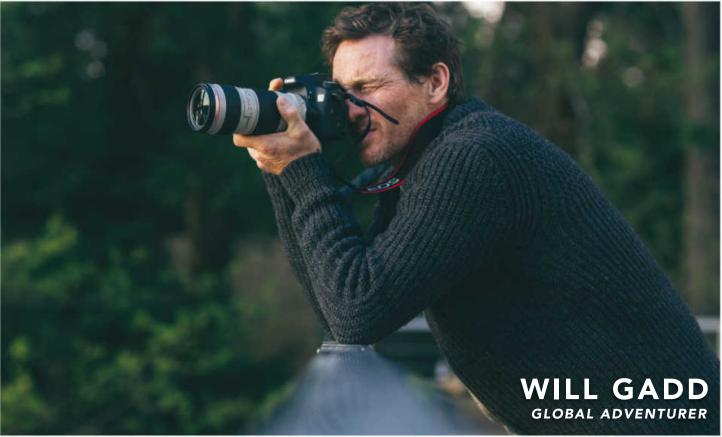
to make the sun shine. I want the sky to open and let something good happen."

Why the number 26? Koifman says it's her lucky number. Her son was born on June 26, and many great things have happened to her on the 26th, so much so she has the saying, "Gratitude to the power of 26" tattooed on her arm. "It's a constant reminder that I'm really lucky and should do something to give back."



Twentysix is available at Hudson's Bay and online at thebay.com and myaromachology.com until the end of February. A percentage of the profits go to APJ.







WATCH THE FILM AT CANON.CA/L



When a chance to share an experience of a lifetime with her mother came along, Canadian musician **Jann Arden**, who released A Jann Arden Christmas on Oct. 30, got on board – even though life threw her a few curves along the way

LOT OF CRAZY wonderful jobs are pitched across my manager Bruce Allen's desk but, these days, we like to call them opportunities. Opportunities that really are life-changing in every way. Take, for example, the day we got a request from Avalon for me to, perhaps, be godmother to one of its newest river cruise ships called the *Tranquility II*.

My first response was to pass on this particular job because, of course, it meant travelling overseas and being away from my parents whom I have been looking after for the better part of five or six years. I was just about to respond to one of Bruce's emails about the cruise ship and how it wasn't a good time for me to go when I had an epiphany. What if I turned this job opportunity into a beautiful life experience for my parents and myself?

What if I proposed to the gang at Avalon that I take my parents with me on this adventure? What if? When the request came in to Bruce's office, the job was probably seven or eight months away, so I certainly felt

like I had time to get my folks organized for a big trip. Probably the last big trip of their lives.

I had plenty of time to get their passports in order, organize the various pets they have and get them accustomed to the idea of hopping across the pond to Germany and then France on a plane as it were. The idea of travelling with two people that were having "memory issues" (that's an understatement) was daunting, to say the least, but I also knew that my window of opportunity was very rapidly closing in on being able to do this type of trip with my parents.

Further to all of the plans I had to make with my parents, I also had to sort out in my mind what being a godmother to a cruise ship actually meant. Yes, I was well aware of the obligatory giant magnum of champagne that is hurled at the bow of

the ship in celebration but, aside from that, I didn't really have any idea of what was ahead of me. It was going to be an adventure no matter which way I looked at it, and that felt very exciting to me. It felt extremely gratifying in my heart and soul to be able to take on something that I had never done before.

When I told my mom and dad about what we were going to do and where we were going to go, there was some very obvious excitement. There may even have been a few teary eyes.

It was all that my mom talked about for months. Every time she was on the phone talking with anybody, I could hear her going on and on about what we were going to be doing and what we were going to be seeing. It gave her something to look forward to, and that is a very important thing in life: to have things to focus on that lift you from the day's troubles.

Sadly, as the months went by, my dad became very ill and eventually ended up in a nursing home. It was apparent that anyone going on a trip like this would definitely have to have pretty good mobility in order to do any of the excursions or even get around the ship, for that matter. He wouldn't be able to come and he was beyond sad; we were all sad.

My mom was such a trouper, though, and she remained determined to take the trip with my tour manager Chris Brunton and me. We got ready weeks in advance for the sailing; getting Mom packed and making sure she had all the outfits she would need for the various evenings that were going to be spent on board. Dining and dancing and visiting with the other passengers. I think Mom had envisioned the *Titanic*!

When we finally boarded the plane to Frankfurt to meet up with the lovely people at Avalon, they had upgraded us to business class, to which my mother Continued on page 83 >

■ The look Yachts are streamlined, dynamically designed vessels, typically with a jaunty prow that slices through waves, creating sensations of intimacy with the sea.

Massive yachts typically associated with royalty, celebrities and Russian oligarchs can run the scale of mid-size cruise ships, while cruise-line yachts are compact and alluring, their lifestyles like low-rise boutique hotels at sea. The most luxurious yacht at sea: Crystal Yacht Cruises' new 62-guest Crystal Esprit. Popular, too: SeaDream's twin megayachts I and II each carry 112 passengers; Windstar's Star Pride, Star Breeze and Star Legend each carry 213 passengers. The advantage By virtue of their petite size, narrow width and shallow draft, they can usually navigate into small bays, narrow channels and berth right alongside small or remote ports. The vibe With limited space and often under 230 passengers, they cultivate an intimate ambience on exterior decks and interior lounges. The dining Yacht dining often



means open seating and menus

that are guidelines for ordering

customized cuisine.



A boat, by any other name, is a boat - or is it? Toby Saltzman takes a look

■ The look Floating like high-rises on the horizon, cruise ships are virtually land resorts at sea. Due to their wide and hefty girth, they typically limit itineraries to ports of call that have massive piers, unless they can tender passengers ashore.

Consider this sampling, noting there are smaller and bigger ships: Seabourn Sojourn, 450 passengers; Regent Seven Seas Explorer, 750; Queen Mary 2, 2,600; Sapphire Princess, 2,678; RCI's Anthem of the Seas, 4,180; NCL's new Norwegian Escape, 4,248. The advantage Show lounges

with high-tech Broadway-style performances and, often, multiple pools. It's worth checking websites for amenities that may include fitness facilities or dropdown marinas for water sports. The vibe While the smaller ships radiate a personal aura, the larger ones present like cities at sea, where passengers gravitate to the areas that suit them best. Mind you, even the largest offer boutique-like enclaves and facilities

The dining Depending on size and scale, cruise ships may offer multiple bars and restaurants (specifying reserved or open seating).

that are restricted to the masses.

■ The look Expedition vessels, like those used for Arctic and Antarctic cruises, are bold and brawny with solid ice-breaking bows and often look more like freighters than cruise ships. Although they vary in size and offer unique amenities, they typically use Zodiacs to tender passengers ashore or into small bays and channels for wildlife viewing. Adventure Canada's 198-passenger Ocean Endeavour includes a brilliant roster of guest lecturers. Quark Expedition's 102-passenger Kapitan Khlebnikov features a helicopter for sightseeing.

The advantage Essentially built for seaworthiness and safety on the high seas in all types of weather, these ships offer rare experiences in nature and culture.

The vibe Comfortably inviting, these rugged vessels encourage mingling and interaction with like-minded people. The passengers are worldly, well-travelled, urbane, curious, intelligent and eager to share experiences.

The dining They typically offer one dining area with specified service times. Meals are hearty with an abundance of fresh fruits and vegetables. 2



IN THE MOMENT

Practicing meditation is said to reduce stress and pain, while boosting happiness. Marni Jackson gets mindful

HE FIRST TIME I meditated was in the 1960s, in an airless studio above a store on Yonge Street. Both yoga and yogurt were still unknown in Toronto. Our teacher was an East Indian gentleman dressed all in white, with a white beard.

"Breathe into your third eye," he instructed us.

I breathed into my third eye and felt very silly. It's not too late to take up Highland dancing instead, I thought. But by the end of the meditation, I became aware of a blue light gently blooming behind my eyelids a blue light I now associate with the long, sinuous alpha waves of a brain that is allowing itself to relax.

A few years later, as an enterprising hippie footloose in Europe, I sat in with a more advanced group of meditators doing some Kundalini yoga in a dank stone farmhouse. Kundalini can be strong stuff.

"Imagine your consciousness as a serpent coiled at the base of your spine," said our instructor. "Imagine it rising up the spine to the top of your head where it becomes a shower of white light."

Okay, I thought, I'll give it a whirl.

But because I was new to the practice, something strange happened during that session an alarming slippage of the self. A sense of disintegration. There was some white light involved, too. I broke out of the moment, but it left me disoriented for days. Apparently, I had poked the serpent with my blunt stick and, because I hadn't laid the proper groundwork (a daily

practice and a good teacher), the serpent bit back.

That was my first experience with the potential of meditation to wake you up - either gradually and gently or all at once.

I didn't go back to meditation for several decades until Jon Kabat-Zinn, a Massachussets professor of medicine and the author of Full Catastrophe Living, launched the mindfulness movement, with its focus on stress reduction. I was researching a book on chronic pain at the time and attended some workshops where people who were recovering from serious injuries learned to use MBSR, or Mindfulness-Based Stress Reduction, to help them cope with severe pain. Meditation doesn't banish pain, but it can dramatically change our relationship to it. (As some Buddhists like to say, "Suffering = pain x resistance," and mindfulness helps reduce our instinctive resistance.)

Now, mindfulness programs are popping up everywhere from corporate retreats to prison rehab, as more evidence pours in about the measurable and positive changes that meditation can have on the brain. In this addresses that. But what about the spirit or the soul

device-driven era, we're starved for

peaceful focus, and mindfulness

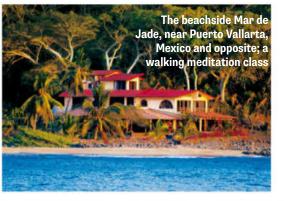
- those old-fashioned concepts? For me, the downside of mindfulness is its popularity as yet another striving, self-improvement "tool": meditation as a means to an end. I was hankering after something with a more spiritual, communal component that didn't necessarily come with a religion attached to it. And I think I've found it.

For several years, I've been a regular at the Monday night gatherings of a Toronto group called The Consciousness Explorers Club. (Yes, pith helmets are featured on the website.) The CEC's slogan is "meditate celebrate - activate." The group truly lives up to its name, offering weekly meditation sessions at the Octopus Garden Holistic Yoga Centre, regular group discussions focused on social change and monthly dance parties in a mid-town bar. (Apparently, DJing can be a spiritual practice, too.)

The CEC was created by Jeff Warren, an author driven by the overthinking and isolation of the writing life into the practice of meditation. (His book *The Head Trip* maps

> out consciousness in its sleeping, dreaming and waking states, and he's at work on a new book about the impact of advanced meditation.)

> At first, the CEC was just a handful of friends, mostly other overthinking writers (I was one) who got together in the living room of his Kensington Market house. Five or six of us would sit on yard-sale pillows and medi-



tate on the whoosh of the ancient furnace going on and off. Now, every week about 50 people fill the big room at Octopus Garden, where Jeff leads a 45-minute meditation followed by a session of "social practice" – playful experiments in applying the insights of meditation to our relationships.

Jeff's approach draws on a broad range of disciplines from Zen Buddhism to neuroscience, but his main teacher is the veteran meditation teacher Shinzen Young. Shinzen is a delightful nerdy, hyper-rational figure with a PhD in Buddhist studies. His instructions are simple but subtle and rooted in sensory experience. Disentangling our thoughts from what we see, hear and feel is where it all starts.

I love these Monday nights and always leave them feeling clearer and calmer. I particularly like the list of things I'm NOT doing whenever I meditate: texting, posting on Facebook or doing online banking while watching *Game of Thrones*. The CEC is a warm, lighthearted community that thrives outside the domain of social media – no small feat.

This year, I took the next step and signed up for a week of daily yoga and meditation at a resort in Mexico – a retreat organized by the CEC along with the Octopus Garden Holistic Yoga Centre. But I had one small anxiety: would I, at 69, be the oldest person in the room? And would that matter? Most of the CEC regulars are in the mid-30s. I'm okay with being the

creakiest one in yoga class but I wondered how I would fare with marathon sessions on the meditation cushion.

Mar de Jade is a small family-run resort on Chacala Beach, north of Puerto Vallarta and Sayulita. It was established 30 years ago by physician Laura del Valle, who has also created a medical clinic and an after school program for the local population - as well as a 17-acre organic farm that provides fresh produce for the resort's excellent Mexican-Californian meals. Most guests are there for yoga retreats or "wellness conferences," so not a lot of latenight karaoke goes on. But the bar makes an excellent Margarita, and the rooms are set into a lush, jungly cliffside that overlooks a secluded beach, so the comfort level is high.

Our group of 21, near-equally divided between men and women, turned out to be mostly in their mid-40s – old enough to afford this sort of vacation and young enough to get up into Wheel pose. There were two psychiatrists, two yoga teachers-intraining and several people like me on their first retreat. The meals were served buffet-style on a patio facing the ocean, which gave us all a chance to sit down and get to know each other – but not too much. The week had just the right balance of silence, solitude and socializing.

The days began at 6 a.m. with a silent half-hour of meditation, followed by an hour of yoga led by Scott Davis, the retreat's co-organizer and a sen-

ior instructor at Octopus Garden. We gathered in a broad bright pavilion that faced the ocean, where the waves seemed to breathe along with us.

For the guided meditation sessions later in the morning, we made our way up a spiral staircase to a glass-walled room at the top of a tower. Draped in blankets, we sat in a circle, drew a few deep breaths and closed our eyes. The goal of meditation, Jeff reminded us, is not to banish thought but simply to become more aware of how our mind behaves. How it skitters and skates. (Mine behaves like a raccoon: it tends to get trapped in small spaces and make loud noises when I'm trying to be quiet.)

Jeff's teaching style is lively and hyper-articulate. "Trying to describe how consciousness behaves is like putting Posties on the ocean," he said. Then he used another simile to explain how easily our experience can narrow down.

"It's as if we live in this big mansion but we keep thinking it's much smaller. We say I can't go in the living room. That room didn't work out ... and the attic is definitely off-limits. Can't go back in there – until we end up living in a tiny vestibule of our lives, saying 'No, no, it's okay. This is fine.'

"The point of meditation," he continued, "is to become more aware of the inner space that is always available to us, once we learn to focus on it."

After the bell sounded to end these sessions, we would share notes. Some **Continued on page 86**

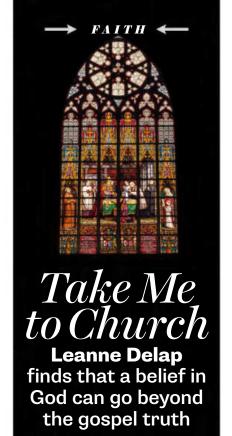


Y EYES FILL with tears every time I hear "Amazing Grace." Watching Barack Obama break into an a cappella version at the funeral for the Charleston pastor and his bible study group gunned down earlier this year had me blubbering alone in front of CNN: for all his oratorical splendour, he is not a natural singer, but the raw authenticity struck a chord. The words in the song that nail me every time are "How precious did that grace appear/The hour I first believed."

I believe in God. Amazing how many years it took for me to say that to myself, let alone out loud. And amazing how radical it feels to me, after half a lifetime of being more concerned about being cool and intellectually superior to what I long considered sheep-like behaviour. But grace did come to me one day, all of a piece, sitting on a hard pew in a soaring church in Quebec City, with the morning light of a crisp fall day streaming through a stained glass window. The hour I first believed came in the form of a physical lightness and a freedom. No question it was a gift. To me, it felt as if I had finally grown up.

I have work to do to earn this grace. I'm a great admirer of Karen Armstrong, the comparative religions scholar, bestselling author and former nun. Her book about renouncing her vows is called *The Spiral Staircase*, after the T.S. Eliot poem "Ash Wednesday" in which the author painfully climbs upward toward salvation. She doesn't mince words: "Religion is hard work. Its insights are not self-evident and have to be cultivated in the same way as an appreciation of art, music or poetry must be developed."

Boomers are no strangers to spirituality. They are also iconoclasts, rebels and individualists and demand efficient, quantifiable answers. But what if the era of alternative New



Age forms of enlightenment – from meditation to yoga to crystals to Oprah – is drawing to a close?

After witnessing the awed reception Pope Francis received on his American tour this past fall, there is little doubt the Pontiff brings a groundswell of goodwill and refreshed energy not just to his own Catholic flock but to the rest of us. We are simultaneously dazzled and humbled by his tactile, humanist approach. I myself have an image of the people's pope on my key chain, carried in a completely unironic way.

In his book *Signs of Warning Signs of Hope*, Kerby Anderson wrote about what he calls baby boomerangs, who are coming back to the faiths of their childhoods. He describes how secularization marginalized religious institutions in the '60s and '70s. And



how pluralization simultaneously expanded everyone's world view. "This increase in choice led naturally to a decrease in commitment and continuity," he wrote of the generation. "Spiritually hungry for meaning, [boomers] dined heartily at America's cafeteria for alternative religions: est, gestalt, meditation, scientology, bioenergetics and the New Age. Others sought spiritual peace through 12step programs for alcoholics, workaholics, even chocoholics. This haveit-your-way salad-bar spirituality has been high on choices and options but low on spiritual commitment."

While there has been a steady decrease in religious attendance and a rise (now about 21 per cent) of Canadians who identify as religious "nones," there are signs that boomers are changing their minds. Faith itself has taken on a different, less rigid format: Pollsters are starting to find people reporting belief in an unaffiliated manner. There is also big growth in "unbranded" urban churches, beyond the stodgy old denominations.

In defiance of the "troubled times put bums in seats" theory, a 2010 Gallup poll showed Americans' selfreported church (or synagogue or mosque or temple) attendance inched up in 2010 as the economy improved. These numbers are greatest for the 65-plus set, at 53 per cent. Those aged 50 to 64 were at 43 per cent. The pollsters predicted that these numbers will go up, as religiosity has long followed a pattern of rising at retirement age. The Canadian data is a bit older (2005) and broader. Among Canadians 45 and older, 22 per cent attended on a weekly basis; this rises to 37.4 per cent after aged 65. About half of Canadians attend some form of services at a least once per year.

Look, this isn't brain surgery: according to death apprehension theory, there is a strong positive correlation with religiosity and fear of one's own death. Yes, more bad stuff

happens to us the longer we live and, sure, we need ways to cope. Religion can be one of those coping tools. My brand of live-and-let-live holds that I don't believe I will literally have tea someday in paradise with my beloved Gram, or indeed that there are likely any Pearly Gates in my future. For me, now, religion is about living life better. And I believe in your right to believe whatever the heck you want.

I attend Deer Park United Church at Yonge and St. Clair in Toronto. This is a newish thing: I began going with a boyfriend about five years ago. It is not something I generally bring up in conversation, for I can't bear proselytizers: this is personal for me. I'm not winning any regular attendance awards nor do I participate in community functions beyond a really cool tour of the organ pipes in the church attic. I have no scholarly prowess in theology and, as for the Bible, I have read Genesis (which is spectacular) but am dodgy on much of the rest of the stories, piecing things together on the fly.

For a few years, I also went to a funky little Anglican church downtown called St. Matthias, where they did pet blessings (some parishioners left dog bowls in the pews); the very urban and ethnic mix of Queen Street West made for one of the oddest and sweetest nativity pageants I've ever seen. Deer Park United is more straight-laced, an amalgamation with Calvin Presbyterian; the two congregations share space and the respective reverends swap out Sunday sermon duties. And this is what has happened as congregations dwindle, and it appears to be a successful experiment: there is new energy as rituals and traditions are sewn together. In fact, the United Church of Canada was formed in 1925 out of an earlier union of Methodist, the Congregational Union and part of the Presbyterian Church of Canada, so this current mash-up isn't so strange.

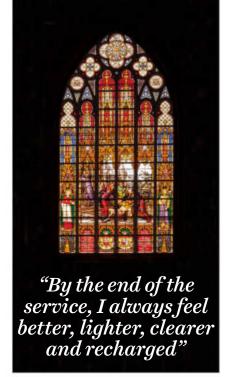


It took a long time for me to summon the inner stillness to appreciate sermons. But I feel open now, which is a lovely place to be. I'm not really retuning to the fold: I was duly baptized and confirmed as a child, but it was more akin to going to baton lessons. I have but one fleeting memory of a Sunday school class where we crafted God's eyes out of Popsicle sticks and Phentex ombre varn. Religion wasn't an organic part of our lives: It was the '70s, and my little nuclear family from Pickering fit right into the demographic of white Canadians becoming perfunctory and then peeling away from institutions into the chaos of secular life amid the boomer earthquake of social change.

It was in my young first marriage, to the son of a preacher man, wherein I first really participated in church. We were at university and likely hung-over most Sundays visiting Kingston where his father manned the (Anglican) pulpit. I loved the Reverend Hendra's enveloping voice and happily let the experience wash over me while dandling nieces in my lap. The intervening decades saw me marry a non-practising Jew, and we had two children together. I didn't consider baptizing them or even raising the issue. Frankly, this story is a first step to try to articulate my own faith so I can explain it to them. In those years, I crossed the threshold of a church (or synagogue) only for weddings and funerals.

I have grown to treasure going to church with Bob, my partner today. Bob was widowed young and tragically and then raised three kids on his own. Church is a meditative time for him, and I have been intensely moved in sharing that space in the pew beside him. Bob's faith is his own story to tell, but I find myself drawn to his quiet confidence in the matter.

This is what I love about going to church: I love the predictability, following along with the order of ser-



vice in the bulletin, reading the announcements about potlucks and flower arrangement credits. It fulfills a yearning for simplicity in my over-extended life stage, with a quintet of teens and young adults in a newly blended household in which I am predictably making loads of missteps and blunders. I like the formality, the stained glass, the ponderous organ, the giggly children's circle and the gravity of Communion. I like the bit where you shake everyone's hand to offer the peace, the processionals and the tea and cookies afterward. Ecclesiastical songs in United Church world can be hauntingly beautiful or dour, and either way I like the rhythm of standing up and singing along softly in my dreadful tone-deaf way.

And the people at church are astonishingly welcoming: I've never been a joiner, but church is a pursuit you can do alongside other people yet alone. As in any crowd, everyone contributes their energy to the room: in this room, the energy of prayer is wildly positive.

By the end of the service, I always feel better, lighter, clearer and recharged. It is the letting go of the dumb little stuff and taking a few minutes to think about something larger than my own navel.

I'm okay today with wearing the disdain of some of my literary heroes. It has taken decades to reconcile my attraction to Sartre and de Beauvoir and the crisp, clean arrogance of the Godless world of their Existentialist cabal. In my youth, I cared very much what Virginia Woolf had to say about religion, for instance. See here how she roasts Eliot for converting late in life from Unitarianism to Anglicanism: "I have had a most shameful and distressing interview with dear Tom Eliot, who may be called dead to us all from this day forward. He has become an Anglo-Catholic believer in God and immortality and goes to church. I was shocked. A corpse would seem to me more credible than he is. I mean, there's something obscene in a living person sitting by the fire and believing in God."

In counterbalance, I look to a few voices, such as Evelyn Waugh, C.S. Lewis and Graham Greene, who all famously bucked the atheism trend among early 20th-century intellectuals to embrace religion, also later in life. I particularly cherish Greene's line: "I had to find a religion to measure my evil against."

Yet I have the hardest time with acerbic essayist Christopher Hitchens, whose work I otherwise love. Hitchens remained the world's most strident atheist right to the end of his battle with cancer. Here he is from his book God Is Not Great: "Faith is the surrender of the mind, it's the surrender of reason, it's the surrender of the only thing that makes us different from other animals. It's our need to believe and to surrender our skepticism and our reason, our yearning to discard that and put all our trust or faith in someone or something, that is the sinister thing to me."

But atheism is like shooting fish in a barrel, Hitch. You can't prove there is a God. And that is the gosh-darned beauty of it all. Faith is a blind leap.



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E'VE BEEN married for 25 years and together for 30, and yet I am sure we both still entertain the oc-

casional thought of ... what? Starting over again with someone else? I'm not even sure that's the impulse; the impulse may just be to avoid the same sameness for the time that is left.

Don't get me wrong: there's a lot to be said for sameness, familiarity, comfort, not having to find a new apartment, etc. My friend Z. recently got married again for the third time. Each divorce has been more toxic and more expensive. His exes show up at dinner parties across the city, telling bitter, funny stories. He would say - at least, he would if he had the emotional vocabulary to say it - that 60 is the time to take the greatest emotional risks, if only to stay spiritually alive. The question is which is the greater risk: staying together or leaving each other? The risk of emotional sameness or the risk of a solitary dwindling? This is what I have come to realize, at my advanced age, my children: it doesn't matter which risk you choose. It matters what you do with it.

Before we headed off on this jaunt to Britain, I visited my insurance agent. I have something like half-a-million dollars' coverage, which seems like a hell of a lot, especially when I have to pay a premium that leaves me broke every month, and thus deeper and deeper into a line of credit, and closer and closer to fatal heart disease, to judge from the actual electrical buzz I experience in my balls and chest every time I look at my bank overdraft.

So I raised the possibility with my agent of cutting my premium by more than two-thirds and my coverage to \$150,000. I mean, look: I am going to be dead. That amount would still pay the immediate debts and the funeral costs. And give Johanna a year of income. This, too, is love, baby. She'll own the house and have my pension, such as it is, and my RRSP. I need to cut back because my income is not increasing, as noted: I've had two increases at the Globe and Mail in six years, each one three per cent, which comes down to one per cent a year for six years, not compounded, and not equivalent to inflation.

My insurance agent is happy to help out, but she also thinks I need to find new sources of income, at 60. "Are you familiar with the kids on YouTube?" she says, 10 minutes into the meeting. I am coming off a hideous, knock-me-down cold, the first I've had in years (another bad

sign!) and want to decapitate her on the spot. Her name is Trudi, with an i. She's a perfectly fine person, a friend, and she has been a good adviser. But this ... telling me to look to YouTube for a living ... decapitation did come to mind. But of course I did not decapitate her because I am an older person now, and I should listen to the young hipsters who think they know everything. So instead I say, "Which ones?" and she rattles off a pair of kids who make a science show, "which is really good and teaching kids about science." She claims they're making between half a million and a million a year on YouTube. The implication is clear: if I wasn't such a stiff old fuckup, I could be making half a mill on YouTube. Which is so unlikely someone should write a pop song about it. "There're very few of those people," I point out, but she then claims to have met 10 of them. (It turns out her boyfriend did a job for Google, and as a result they were both introduced to the top 10 under 25 on YouTube.)

"Who else?" I demand. By now I have my notebook and pen out and am writing shit down.

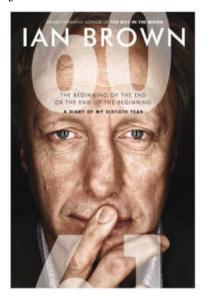
"Well, I don't want to violate their privacy."

"Don't be ridiculous. I'm not going to tell anyone."

"Those two guys in Montreal, the bacon guys? Who cook bacon all the time on YouTube? They make me ill but they make over a million a year."

She means Harley Morenstein and Sterling Toth, who are 25 and 27 and created the weekly online bow-down to gluttony called *Epic Meal Time*. They have 360,000 followers who subscribe to their YouTube channel, and about 34 million views - easily topping a million views an episode. One of their Thanksgiving creations was a turkey, a duck, a chicken, a Cornish hen and a quail stuffed into a twenty-pound piglet. They cemented it with mashed bacon and pork sausage and the like, to the point where it created a feast of just over 79,000 calories. Their hope is to monetize their concept so that they do not have to return to graphic design and supply teaching. I admire them; really, I do. They must be having a blast and they are obviously energetic guys with a knack for popular fare.

I am just surprised that my insurance agent was pushing me to emulate them. I can't really see a YouTube channel called An Old Guy Who Loves Bacon. Perhaps I could do An Old Guy Who Doesn't Like Anything and Is Old Before His Time.



But my agent isn't done with me. Soon she is talking about how the future is changing so much and so fast and how she is reading Peter Diamandis's books, Abundance and Bold, about the world's five greatest problems and how we are going to solve them with "solar panels the size of a fingernail that can heat an entire village."

And of course I resist all this. I resist books like Abundance and Bold on principle because a) I loathe intellectual certainty, and they traffic in it, and b) they're successful, and c) such books generally read poorly (though Bold isn't bad) because they aren't written elegantly with an eye to the quality of the prose, and that's what matters to me. I realize this is old-fashioned and defensive and asinine and likely counterproductive and self-destructive, too; this is the view of an aging man. But I can't respect the ideas of anyone who won't make at least an effort to say something in a way that brings the reader some pleasure or awe. But then again, it is the height of idleness to decry the present. Whatever else you say about it, the present is unavoidably real and here in front of our eyes. I think Martin Amis said as much in one of his books, I can't remember which one. And if there are people living in the present who believe they can predict the future, all the better for them.

I prefer to describe the present: it feels more human to me; it is something I can see with my own eyes, hear with my own ears. It is what I have more of. It has the distinct texture of the here and now, and it resists simplistic analysis. It requires holding contradictory ideas in the brain at the same time without having a nervous breakdown, and I think that's good for my 60-year-old brain. The present beats the future. But of course I would say that, wouldn't I?

But on the way home from the insurance agent's, I have an idea. I'll finish this effing diary and then I'll create my own YouTube channel. I'll call my show Ow, What Happened? And on it I will describe, while applying the hemorrhoid ointment to my nethers and chowing down on Metamucil, what it feels like to be 60 in a world that doesn't want to admit that one day it is going to be 60, too.

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Frankie & Ruthie

This December would have marked Frank Sinatra's 100th birthday. To wit, we remember the Canadian woman whose sorrowful serenade helped make Ol' Blue Eyes a star **By Mike Crisolago**

N SEPTEMBER 1940, Ruth Lowe, 26, with golden hair and a Cheshire smile, brought a guest to meet her mother and sister at her mom's apartment in downtown Toronto. Already an accomplished pianist and songwriter, she introduced the skinny, handsome crooner whose melodic baritone gave voice to a song that, though born in the depths of her worst despair, had become the first No.1 single ever on the brand new Billboard music chart – a position it held for 12 weeks. Improbably, on the back of one mournful ballad, the daughter of a poor butcher from Toronto and the son of Italian immigrants from New Jersey were suddenly music sensations.

"He was just starting [out]," Lowe's younger sister, Micky Cohen, 95, recalls of the crooner. "He was a nice young man with a wonderful voice, and that's all I knew."

The crooner called her sister "Ruthie." To Ruth, he was "Frankie," but everyone else called him Frank. Frank Sinatra.

THE FIRST SONG Ruth Lowe ever wrote for Harold Cohen (no relation to Micky) consisted of two lines: "Harold, you need me/Yes, you do" on a crude recording intermingled with giggles from Ruth and band mate Sair Lee. It brims with an unbridled joy and enthusiasm that compensate for its brevity – in hindsight, a glum foretelling.

It was 1938 and Ruth, then 23, served as her family's sole breadwinner following the untimely death of her father, Sam Lowe, a Toronto butcher. He left little money behind but did, however, help endow his daughters with a passion for music.

"There was always music in the family," Micky says, fondly recalling Sunday concert outings with relatives. Ruth's younger sister by six years, the pair took piano lessons as children and, while Micky quit, Ruth continued.

At 16, Ruth left school to become a song plugger – a pianist who played sheet music for prospective customers, be they parents buying it for their kids or seasoned performers – in a music store at the Yonge Street Arcade. She also took gigs with local radio stations and played in bands, including the female trio The Shadows, with Sair Lee and Esther Winthrop.

"Ruth was way above your average song plugger," says Jack Hutton, a Canadian journalist, musician and author. "The musicians came in to talk to her ... bandleaders [asked], 'Has this song got potential?' And they respected what she said."

One of those bandleaders was Chicago-born blond bombshell Ina Ray Hutton, whose all-female





orchestra, the Melodears, needed a pianist for a Toronto gig. Ruth, in one night, went from song plugger to a full-fledged Melodear, touring North America.

"Everybody couldn't believe it – a nice Jewish girl going with an all-woman band," Micky quips. "She wrote a lot of their arrangements, too. She was there for a couple of years until she met her first husband."

Harold Cohen of Chicago – Ruth's first husband, perhaps even first love – was a fellow song plugger and, by all accounts, a tall, handsome, kind, well-liked gentleman. Shortly after giggling through, "Harold, you need me/Yes, you do" they married and settled down in the Windy City. A year later, in 1939, during surgery, Harold suffered kidney failure and died.

Heartbroken, Lowe returned to Toronto to work as a pianist at the CBC, though it did little to ease her grief. She worked out tunes at home too, while routinely confessing to her sister, "I'll never smile again."

"We went to a fortune teller," Micky recalls, "and she said to Ruth, 'You just want to write a song that's going be very famous.' And we all laughed, but it did happen."

There's no giggling through the second song Ruth wrote for Harold, "I'll Never Smile Again," a sombre tune about true love torn away. Famed Canadian bandleader Percy Faith overheard Ruth playing it at work and asked to perform it with his orchestra on his radio show, *Music By Faith*. Ruth agreed and, in return, received a recording of the performance.

Armed with a professional demo of her own song – Ruth brought it to a



friend who performed with Tommy Dorsey's orchestra.

"Women weren't known to write songs back then," Canadian singersongwriter Molly Johnson notes. "If you can take it into a man's world in the music business and get them to play it, it takes a lot of tenacity and that song better be good."

It was, and Dorsey loved it. A year later, in 1940, as the Second World War raged an ocean away, he recorded it with his orchestra alongside the vocal group the Pied Pipers and his newest talent acquisition, a young Hoboken kid named Frank Sinatra.

"It's very early in the war, so [the song] has a lot of appeal and it resonates with the young girls who are just starting to hear Frank Sinatra sing with [Dorsey]," Chuck Granata, a Sinatra historian, explains, noting that American servicemen were beginning to mobilize and the women "were missing their boyfriends and husbands."

"It was a song that came from my heart, the result of great sorrow," Ruth said on Tommy Dorsey's *Fame and Fortune* show. "In part, the tune was always seemingly in my mind but, until the death of my husband, it was part of, well, another sense."

Ruth's song vaulted Sinatra to his first No. 1 hit while making them both instant superstars. While the young crooner toured with Dorsey, Ruth herself was in demand for appearances and concerts. "People ... heard a woman wrote this music, and they wanted to see who she was," Micky says. Eventually, Ruth became so popular she asked her sister to travel with her as her secretary.





"She loved appearing in public. She loved being with people."

Ruth continued to write and perform, amassing a fan base that included famous friends from Bob Hope to Milton Berle. Two years later, in 1942, Sinatra came calling again. He requested Ruth write him a theme song for his radio show. And he needed it the next day.

After hunkering down with songwriters Paul Mann and Stephan Weiss, Ruth delivered "Put Your Dreams Away (For Another Day)" a song to which Sinatra once gushed, "I love you, old buddy."

"Sinatra, right from the start, appreciated the fact that songs like 'Put Your Dreams Away' and 'I'll Never Smile Again' ... had real lyrics with real sentiment," Granata says. "And I think they expressed something that rang true for Frank himself."

In 1943. Ruth met Nat Sandler, who worked in the brokerage business, and within a few months, on Nov. 21, they married. The couple had two sons, Stephen and Tom, and Ruth settled into life as a wife and mother in Toronto.

"She was a great mom and a great wife and a great friend," Ruth's son, Tom Sandler, recalls fondly. "She loved to have parties, loved to go out. She loved to share everything and she was very charitable."

Ruth, though, longed to write one

more hit. Sandler recalls watching his mother at the piano almost every night. "She always worked on tunes. She always wanted to re-introduce songs that she thought ... could've been a hit."

Ruth travelled annually to New York's famed Brill Building to meet with music insiders while writing songs for other acts - she and son Tom wrote the Travellers' single "Take Your Sins to the River" - but none resonated like the Sinatra hits.

"I think part of the problem was, in the '50s in Toronto, there wasn't much of a music scene or a jazz scene," Sandler explains. "She always said it was the timing."

Ruth never did write that one final hit. She lived the rest of her life in Toronto, always playing music and travelling, occasionally running into Frankie and taking time to reminisce about their early days. She passed away on January 4, 1981 at age 66, but Sinatra continued to perform her songs. When he died in 1998, "Put Your Dreams Away" was the final song played at his funeral.

A year after Ruth's passing, "I'll Never Smile Again" was inducted into the Grammy Hall of Fame. In 1998, award-winning music publisher Frank Davies specifically pointed to Ruth's success as the catalyst for founding the Canadian Songwriters Hall of Fame. Both of her Sinatra hits are inducted.

Tom Sandler has long campaigned for his mother to receive greater distinction in Canada, noting that neither the Junos nor the Canadian Walk of Fame has recognized her. The timing seemed ideal last year, on Ruth's centenary, or even this year, with Sinatra's 100th birthday in December. Still, Sandler won't give up.

Granata, meanwhile, believes Ruth's legacy belongs within the "pantheon" of songwriting pioneers. "Any songwriter would give their eye teeth to have one song performed by Frank Sinatra. But to have two songs that Frank not only performed but continued to perform and made standards out of is a pretty amazing accomplishment."

"She's already achieved more than a plaque. She found a way into your heart," Andy Kim, the Canadian singer-songwriter behind the hit "Sugar, Sugar," contends. "What she created was beyond manmade. The song is beyond those awards."

Though she never again matched her success with Sinatra, Ruth did enjoy one last moment in the spotlight. In the mid-1950s, a parade of loved ones surprised her during filming of the NBC show This Is Your *Life* - including her young sons. Surprised, Ruth clutched at her hair and guipped, "I wish I knew. I'd have had a bleach."

That crowded TV set proved that neither songwriting nor even Sinatra truly resolved the heartbreak of her first husband's death. Ruth's commercial success was merely a means to the truer, more personal end.

"I think that she understood, somewhere, her heart needed to be filled, and it was in finding love again and ... having children," Kim says. "That's the best song."

Her sons leapt into her arms. The television cameras rolled. The host continued with the show. And Ruth Lowe smiled again.



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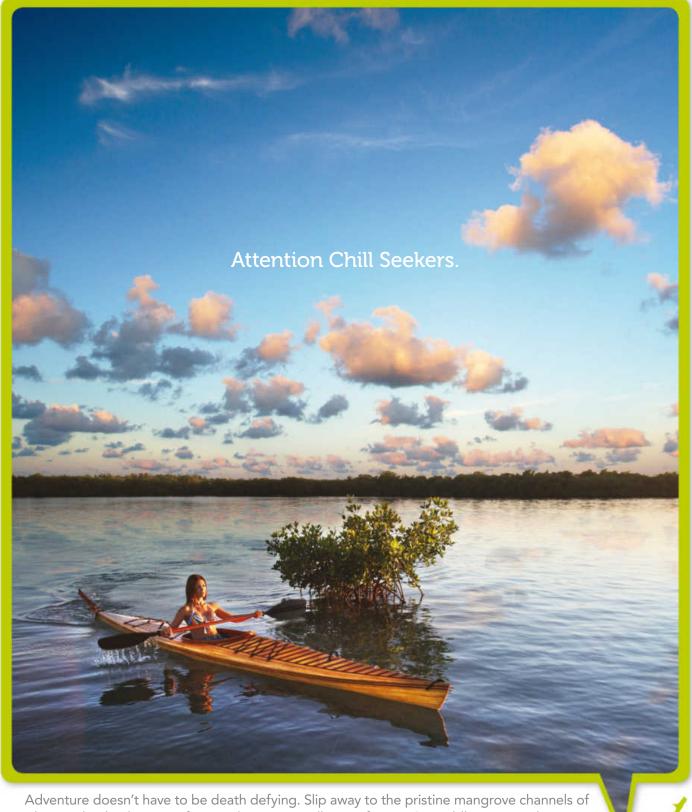
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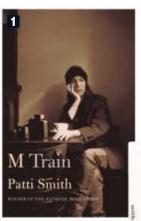




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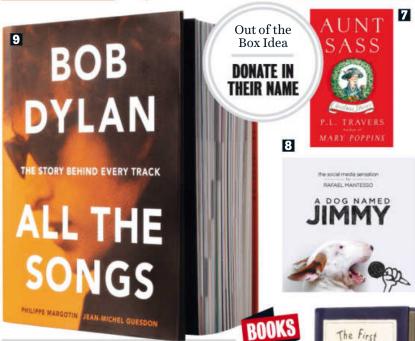




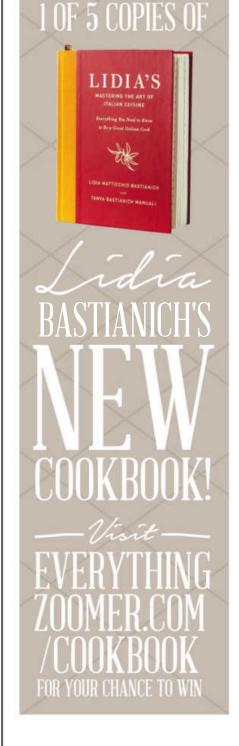








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BY I IBBY 7NAIMFR

The Future (Hospital) Is Now

T LOOKS LIKE AN airport terminal, and there's a reason for that. For design inspiration, North America's first fully digital hospital looked to other industries like airlines that move tens of thousands of people. After four years of construction and \$1.7 billion, Toronto's Humber River Hospital is ready to serve a catchment area with 850,000 people. Most of the patients who will pass through its fully automated doors and check in with the swipe of a card to receive meds that were mixed and packaged by robots will be older.

"This is not technology for technology's sake," President and CEO Dr. Reuben Devlin told me on an extensive tour of the 1.7 million squarefoot facility just days before it was to open to the public. "It means the staff will be able to spend more time with patients." Some of the innovations are as low-tech as making sure supplies are in convenient places to reduce "sneaker time" for nurses. If everything was organized the way it had been in the old buildings, they would have had to walk the equivalent of more than 11 kilometres a day to get their jobs done. With robots delivering linens and drugs, not to mention double-checking orders and doses, nurses will cover about the same distances they did before the move - 5.4 kilometres. But where are the patients in this vast complex dominated by screens and cyberspace?

"I don't think it looks like a hospital, I don't think it feels like a hospital," says Devlin, pointing out the bright colours and wood accents. "We want families to be part of the care. There are no fixed visiting hours. We're encouraging them to stay overnight if they want." Every room has a chair that pulls out into a bed and, when family members need a break, there's a respite room complete with a private shower. For the patients, there are bedside terminals with controls for everything from the temperature to the window tint and Skype. You can access your medical records and order your meals up to an hour in advance. No cheating that feature is hooked up to details of whatever diet your doctors have put you on. You'll also be able to call your nurse directly rather than pressing the button on the wall and hoping for the best. Michael Decter, chairman of the advocacy group Patients Canada, is delighted. "The ability to access health records in the hospital room, the ability to access test results is what we dreamed every patient would have."

Devlin and his team had expected to find a model for Humber River south of the border, and they were surprised that there was nothing this advanced. The facility is most closely patterned on a hospital in Oslo, and there are similar institutions in Japan and Korea. Ever since the hospital's management first looked at the demographics for the new facility, they realized the largest group they will serve would be between 70 and 80 years old. Hence, the airport design with multiple drop-off areas to cut down on walking, and the promise of help for those who are uncomfortable with all the technology. For Decter, the comparison of the airline industry is also apt when considering the safety of relying entirely on digital technology. "It does turn out that automated cockpits with a lot of redundant safety features do a better job than Happy Harry the Bush Pilot," he says. "A lot of what goes wrong in health systems is cascades of human errors." Being fully digital will also allow Humber River to have a bigger role in providing care outside the hospital, in the community - an urgent need as the population ages.

But will the vast scale of the place depersonalize the patient experience? Decter says ultimately that depends on the people. And Devlin

"For patients, there are bedside controls for everything from the temperature to Skype"

is confident in his team. "I know nobody wants to come to a hospital," he says. "But if you've stayed here once as an in-patient, I hope that when you've left you say, if I'm sick again, that's the hospital I want to come back to."

Libby Znaimer (libby@zoomer.ca) is VP of news on AM740 and Classical 96.3 FM (ZoomerMedia properties).



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BY SUSAN FNG

What the Liberal Victory Means for You

HE TRUDEAU Liberals coming from behind to form a majority government was a big surprise to everyone except CARP members, 18,000 of whom called for change in a CARP poll taken over the final weekend of the election campaign. Forty-two per cent of them had already voted in the advance polls, and the rest were certain to be voting. Their preference of 45 per cent for the Liberals over 36 per cent for the Conservatives predicted the Liberal majority.

So now what? Does it mean that jobs will be easier to find? Will it be easier to save for retirement? Can Canadians now afford the drugs they need or a decent roof over their heads? When do the increased GIS payments start? Will the Fair Elections Act become more "fair"? What about Bill C-51 - what amendments do we get? Are we going to meet the February 2016 deadline for a legislative framework of checks and balances for doctor-assisted dying?

We could add more questions, but there are only four years to the next fixed election date when we get to do this all over again. Yay!

This very long election campaign was bemoaned by media who no doubt feared running out of things to say, but it was a boon for people looking for real answers to their daily worries. The federal leaders were obliged to spell out what they meant by "stay the course" or "change" or

"real change" - catch phrases that would have carried them through the usual 37-day campaign, when, before media had time for a follow-up question, the election was over.

That meant that CARP was busier than ever - first by throwing down a pre-budget challenge to meet the priority concerns of over-50 seniors groups across the country collaborating under the rubric of Seniors Vote. The point was obvious: seniors vote and this is how to get their vote!

Obviously the parties took note. By the time the writ was dropped, the federal budget had already announced extending Employment Insurance compassionate leave allowance from six weeks to six months to support people caring for terminally ill loved ones. Seniors groups have always wanted the terminal diagnosis requirement dropped because it so hindered families who either couldn't get such a diagnosis or wanting to keep up hope, did not seek it out. Both opposition parties promised to eliminate the terminal diagnosis prerequisite and recognizing that critical illness has its ups and downs, the Liberals promised to allow the six months to be taken in chunks as needed. That change can't come soon enough. Every day, more families confront the challenges of caregiving.

Seniors' poverty got some serious face time too. The Conservatives reminded everyone that they had increased GIS for the poorest seniors in

their 2011 budget - keeping their election promise to spend \$300 million to help 680,000 seniors. It meant \$50 more per month for a single senior and \$70 a month more for a couple.

The Liberals announced up to \$920 more per year for single seniors who face greater risk of poverty than their partnered counterparts - and a new Seniors' Index to ensure that OAS and GIS payments keep pace with their needs. Not to be outdone, the NDP promised to increase GIS funding by \$400 million. And, best of all, the Greens called for OAS and GIS to be rolled into a Guaranteed Liveable income.

CARP was once again a mandatory campaign stop for candidates who participated at local chapter election events across the country. Candidate Trudeau hosted a Town Hall at CARP HQ to make several announcements that could have come directly from CARP policy platforms. A clip from that event was the centrepiece of the "Hurricane Hazel" ad credited with

"So now what? Does it mean that jobs will be easier to find? Will it be easier to save for retirement?"

pumping up the seniors vote. Prime Minister Trudeau already knows that CARP members will expect early action on those promises. We will help.

A change in government is something we've seen before. Improving on the status quo of our daily lives as we age? Now that's change we can use!

Susan Eng is executive vice-president and chief operating officer for CARP.





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CARP'S 2015 AGM A YEAR OF DISRUPTION



"Our job is to disrupt the status quo," said Susan Eng at CARP's Annual General Meeting held at the Zoomerplex in Toronto. Eng met with 60 chapter chairs from across Canada who attended workshops such as the Elements of Successful Chapters and Communicating with Members. Eng noted that CARP's two major achievements in 2015 were increased media exposure and successfully ensuring that the big advocacy issues were front and centre in the federal election.

A record crowd of 36,500 enjoyed food, entertainment, music, exercise, travel, financial, faith and health-care offerings and left the 2015 ZoomerShow with coveted blue gift bags. Toronto's annual consumer and lifestyle extravaganza capped off the CARP AGM. The ZoomerShow will roll into Vancouver on March 19 and 20.



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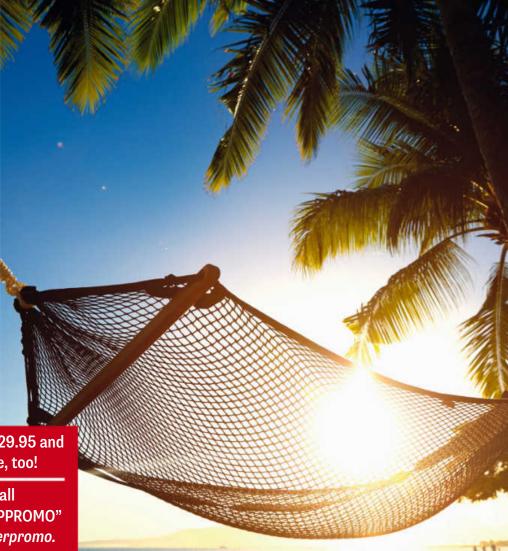


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30 Jefferson Ave., Toronto M6K 1Y4 416.363.8748 or 1.800.363.9736, support@carp.ca said, "Jann, do you think we could get normal seats?" That made me laugh out loud. "I don't know how to work this one, and my feet don't touch the ground," she exclaimed. I told her that they were very special seats that someone had paid a lot of money for and that we should probably stay put just to make everybody happy. That seemed to make sense in her head, which I was thrilled about.

As we were making our way across the Atlantic Ocean, my mom looked out the window and remarked how she couldn't believe we were going to be on a river cruise. Sometimes, when you see things through somebody else's eyes, you realize what it really means to feel gratitude. I know that I have many times in my life done just that, taken things for granted. I haven't really taken that step back and said to myself, this is extraordinary! Mom made me acutely aware of how wonderful my life was.

It really was the trip of a lifetime. Going down the Rhine River as the sun set over the hills, gazing at all the ruins and the half-standing castles that hung from the side of the cliffs as the moon snuck over the hills. It was nothing short of awe-inspiring.

I will never forget taking that trip as long as I live. A job opportunity that provided my mom and me with memories that will live on forever. I really am so grateful. Mom said it was the best train trip she had ever been on. Yes ... train! Bittersweet, for sure. Editors' note: Since writing this story, Jann's father, Derrel Richards, passed away. Arden documents her experiences as a caregiver to both her parents on her Twitter (@jannarden) and Instagram feeds (@jannarden), where her fans have shared their own stories of caregiving, love and loss.

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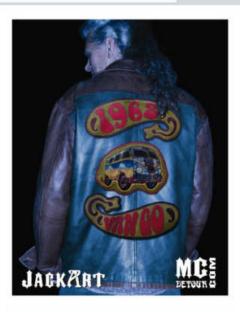
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Wellness

In the Moment
Continued from page 65

had wildly dramatic, cinematic experiences ("It was like my heart had giant nostrils and was breathing it all in."). Others were too distracted by inner chatter to settle down. But even a ragged "unsuccessful" meditation can have a good effect.

"It's like training a puppy," Jeff said. "Whenever your mind runs off, gently lead it back to your focus. Just keep doing that, over and over, and eventually it'll get the idea."

Afternoons were free. One day when the surf picked up, I tried a little bodyboarding and got shredded in the washing machine of a big wave. Sand entered every orifice, and I staggered out of the surf coated in dirt, my bathing suit askew. There is no legal cut-off age for bodyboarding, but I decided to take a pass on the full-day board rental. Maybe next year.

Every day before dinner, most of us gathered for a session of Restorative Yoga, led by Scott. This kind of yoga involves lots of paraphernalia: blocks, ropes, blankets, bolsters. It's a bit like an S&M dungeon. The ropes were attached to the walls, so that we could dangle in positions that take the strain of gravity off the spine. Scott's instructions were simple but knowledgeable, without a shred of attitude. I'm a desultory yoga student but I've had four or five teachers over the years, and he's at the top of the heap.

And the days slipped by, with wacky after-dinner sessions that were a taster's menu of conscious exploration. One night, Jeff DJed a "dance meditation" that got us moving around the room in ever-sillier ways. Another evening, we were given an introduction to the basics of Tantra (evegazing but no group sex required). We walked across the lawn barefoot under the full moon, with Jeff telling us to "imagine your feet as hands." There was a campfire on the beach and the singing of Broadway tunes. Indeed, at times the retreat more closely resembled a kid's 10th birthday party. Or an adult camp for body, mind and soul. All in a good way.

I soon realized that my anxiety about being too old for this kind of vacation was exactly wrong. In fact, meditation tries to cultivate the very qualities that tend to deepen with age – perspective, acceptance, and self-awareness. "Being present in the world" is something the old never take for granted as we face our mortality.

This kinship between meditation and the aging process is something Jeff has explored in the regular column he contributes to the online magazine *Psychology Tomorrow*.

"Contemplative techniques like meditation ..." he writes, "allow practitioners to experience the best of old age's wisdom and perspective in the prime of life, instead of at the end. You could say they accelerate the aging-gracefully gradient." The aging process, he says, can either be your ally or your enemy. Meditation helps us see age as a merging with broader, more impersonal concerns – as an "expansion of identity" rather than the opposite.

By the end of the week, I still hadn't managed to get up into Wheel pose. But my experience of meditation had begun to shift. It wasn't simply the welcome blue light of my first time, 45 years earlier, or the ego-dissolution of my Kundalini freakout. It had some of the calm that a mindfulness practice provides, but there was more to it than that. I noticed that the effects of meditation were beginning to seep into the rest of my day.

Whenever I catch myself walking down the street caught up in some self-chiding inner narrative, oblivious to the world, I try to "come to my senses," as I've learned to do in meditation. I reconnect with what I'm seeing, hearing, and feeling in my body – a simple but radical choreography of consciousness.

And for the next three seconds, I feel present and happy.

ZOOM OUT Brain Games



SUDOKU

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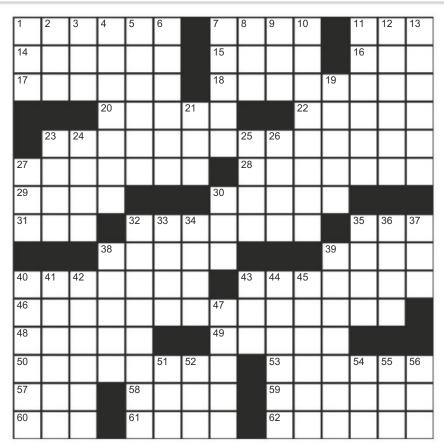
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A Fresh Beginning

BY BARBARA OLSON

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ACROSS

- Annie or Oliver
- Handy items when the boat motor dies
- Common pasta suffix
- 14 Coffee jug
- It sounds like a drop in the bucket
- 16 Boy toy
- Quip about rejuvenation, Part 1
- Recipients of a cake housing a saw, perhaps
- 20 Not as risky
- 22 Noted Reagan attorney general Ed
- 23 The quip, Part 2
- 27 French city of miraculous cures
- 28 Highly esteemed
- 29 Antarctic explorer Richard
- 30 Gives away the gag, in a way
- "Your point being ...?"
- 32 The quip, Part 3
- 35 Soft & __ deodorant
- 38 Kama ___ (Hindu

love manual)

- 39 Sixth sense sort
- 40 Be an anti?
- 43 Put in guarantine
- 46 The quip, Part 4
- **48** Cave ___ ("Beware of dog" to Caesar)
- **49** More puppy-dog than pit bull, personality wise
- 50 Pilot's concern, visà-vis a landing strip
- 53 End of the quip
- 57 Mai ___ cocktail
- 58 Bruce Lee's role in The Green Hornet
- 59 New Year's Eve partyer's hangover helper
- 60 Winged beachgoer
- **61** Homophone of 60 Across
- 62 Stretched out

DOWN

- Mo. to talk turkey? 1
- 2 "Go, team!"
- 3 Opposite of post
- House of Commons

- written record 5 Shakin' in one's gumboots
- Fella from The Rock
- 7 Ben Hepner's genre
- Focus of the Ice Bucket Challenge: Abbr.
- Enormous bird of myth
- Bombarding an inbox with email ads
- Carling ___ brewery
- Spielberg's Schindler actor
- 13 Debit machine direction
- Hammerheads
- Handy Scrabble tile
- 23 Toy with a string attached
- 24 French or Italian bread?
- **25** Desperate Housewives star Hatcher
- **26** Encouraging comment on Dragons' Den
- 27 There are about 2 in 1 kg.
- 30 Large Ont. region including Durham, Halton, Peel and York
- 32 Long-running radio and TV western
- 33 State, to Stéphane
- 34 "___ Little Tenderness" (1960s hit)
- 35 Pass out at the poker table?
- 36 Collecting the CPP, say
- 37 Dander
- 38 Rat's residence
- 39 Be overly gaga, with "over"
- 40 Leave one's position, say
- Equal to, with "with"
- **42** Bowling alley target
- 43 Superior finish?
- 44 Loren whose name means "wisdom"
- 45 Staged without a break
- 47 P.M. title of respect
- 51 Small battery size
- 52 Sidney Crosby's hockey pos.
- "Could ___ Your Girl" (Jann Arden)
- **55** BEd student workers
- 56 RCMP rank

FOR ANSWERS, TURN TO PAGE 88

TINNITUS Lilly battled with tinnitus for many years. After coming across Ear Tone™ she finally relieved her condition. Here is her story:

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ZOOM OUT Brain Games ANSWERS

ANSWERS TO CROSSWORD (PG. 87)

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ANSWERS TO SUDOKU (PG. 87)

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3	8	1	9	2	7	4	5	6
6	5	3	1	8	9	2	4	7
2	9	7	6	3	4	8	1	5
8	1	4	2	7	5	6	9	3



"I once wanted to become an atheist, but I gave up - they have no holidays." -Henny Youngman

"I stopped believing in Santa Claus when I was six. Mother took me to see him in a department store and he asked for my autograph." -Shirley Temple

"Once again, we come to the Holiday Season, a deeply religious time that each of us observes, in his own way, by going to the mall of his choice." -Dave Barry



Relax...

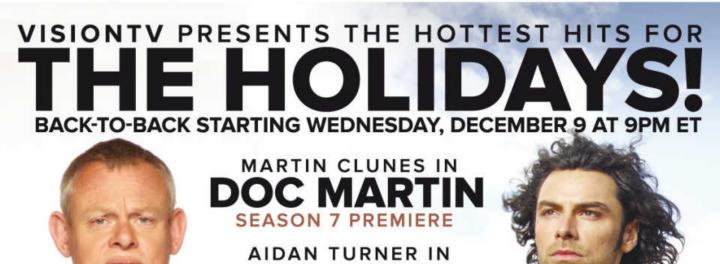
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